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No. 12.

KUNKEL'S

MUSICAL REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1883.

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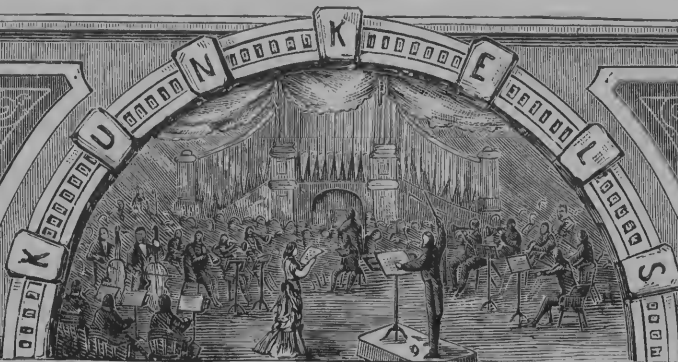
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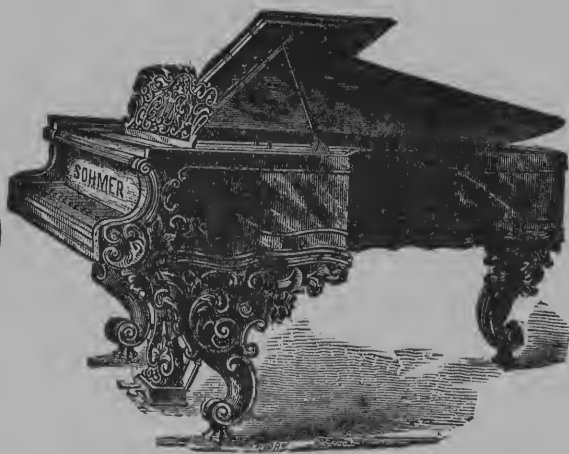


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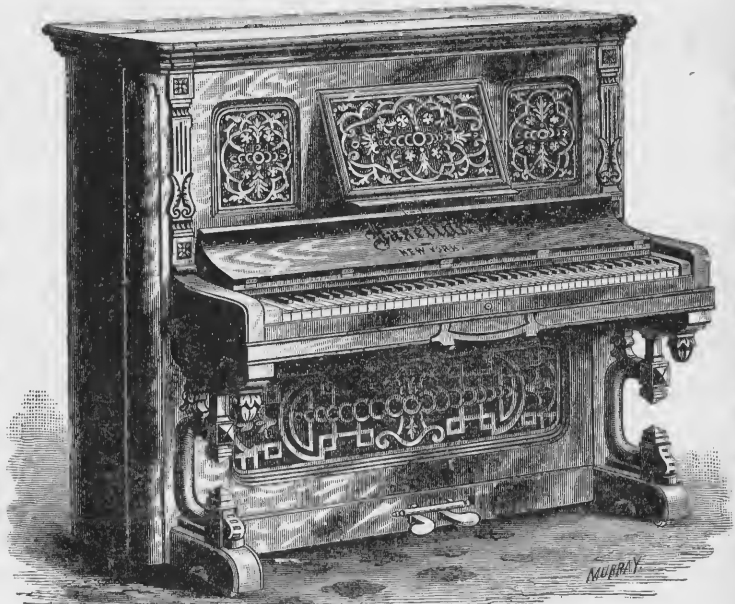
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MUSICAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

Vol. VI.

OCTOBER, 1883.

No. 12

E. ALINE OSGOOD.

WE take pleasure in presenting to the numerous constituency of our readers an excellent likeness of the artist whose name heads this article, engraved especially for our paper by the engraving department of the Times Printing Company. Other pictures of Mrs. Osgood have appeared in different papers (one in our May number 1882, furnished us by her then manager) which were all more or less caricatures. This is really the first acceptable picture of Mrs. Osgood ever presented to the musical people of her native land; for Mrs. Osgood is one of the singers who with Albani, Hauk, Stirling, Philipps and others have made the United States known as the prolific mother of great singers.

Mrs. Osgood is a native of "The Hub" and it was in her native city that she made her first public appearance (beyond singing in church choirs). This was with the Beethoven Quintette Club in 1873. Being very successful in her first efforts, the Club engaged her for a tour through Canada, and for two years she sang with the Club in various parts of that country and in the United States. In February, 1875, she decided to go to England to study oratorio.

On her arrival in London, Mrs. Osgood's whole attention was devoted to the study of oratorio, with Signor Randegger, the best master in England; but it was not until some time later that she accomplished her initiative success in this highest walk of her profession. In October, 1875, she made her first appearance at the Crystal Palace, but she did not sing again until early in 1876, when she fulfilled several engagements with Charles Hallé in the provinces. She sang with success at Manchester, Wolverhampton, Liverpool, Birmingham, and all the great commercial and important centres of England, laying the foundation stone of her present reputation, and took the soprano part in Liszt's "Saint Elizabeth" at St. James Hall under the direction of Mr. Walter Bache. So great an artist as Mme. Titiens had made a flat failure in the same part in 1869, the work not being adapted to her voice and style of singing. On the night of production the house was packed with critics, musicians and vocalists, all come to witness another failure. There was no doubt in the minds of the audience that they were about to see a second catastrophe of this ill-fated oratorio. This issue, however, was a brilliant success for Mrs. Osgood. The press were unanimous in her praise.

Her time was then fully occupied with concert engagements in England, but she made a short visit to this country in the spring of 1878; singing at the Cincinnati and Worcester festivals, also in Thomas' concerts in New York. She then went again to England and remained there until about two years ago when she returned to this country and sang in all the principal music festivals which were given last year. For the season that is about to open, Mrs. Osgood has numerous engagements, one of the first (if not the first) being her appearance in St. Louis at the concert to be given by the Veiled Prophets, at the Olympic Theatre, under the direction of Prof. Waldauer on the 5th of this month. This will be not only Mrs. Osgood's first visit to St. Louis but also our first opportunity of hearing her. We will not therefore express an opinion of her singing at the present time, but

will quote instead the following statement, from an English source, of the character and quality of Mrs. Osgood's voice and singing: "Mrs. Osgood's voice is perfect throughout its entire range; every note is distinct, full, and rich. But her especial feature is the depth and ringing tone of her lower notes, which gives her great advantage over all other oratorio sopranos. In fact she is without a rival; a queen of sacred music, whose fame all England readily acknowledges. Not only does Mrs. Osgood excel in oratorio, but also in ballad music. Surely no one has heard Mrs. Osgood sing 'Home, Sweet Home,' without being affected, and indeed the wonderful sweetness and touching simplicity of her voice appeals to the most indifferent listener. Mrs. Osgood's reputation is already established; still it cannot be doubted that she will gain new triumphs." In our next issue we shall be able to express an opinion of our own upon the subject.



E. ALINE OSGOOD.

THE POWER OF SONG.

None of the hospitals of Edinburgh lay a wounded Scottish soldier. The surgeons had done all they could for him. He had been told that he must die. He had a contempt for death, and prided himself on his fearlessness in facing it. A rough and wicked life, with none but evil associates, had blunted his sensibilities and made profanity and scorn his second nature. To hear him speak, one would have thought he had no piously nurtured childhood to remember, and that he had never looked upon religion but to despise it. But it was not so.

A noble and gentle-hearted man came to see the

dying soldier. He addressed him with kind inquiries, talked to him tenderly of the life beyond death, and offered spiritual counsel. But the sick man paid him no attention or respect. He bluntly told him that he didn't want any religious conversation.

"You will let me pray with you, will you not?" said the man at length.

"No; I know how to die without the help of religion. And he turned his face to the wall.

Further conversation could do no good, and the man did not attempt it. But he was not discouraged. After a moment's silence he began to sing the old hymn, so familiar and so dear to every congregation in Scotland:

"O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?"

He had a pleasant voice, and the words and melody were sweet and touching as he sung them. Pretty soon the soldier turned his face again. But its hardened expression was all gone.

"Who taught you that?" he asked, when the hymn was done.

"My mother."

"So did mine. I learned it of her when I was a child, and I used to sing it with her." And there were tears in the man's eyes.

The ice was thawed away. It was easy to talk with him now. The words of Jesus entered in where the hymn had opened the door. Weeping, and with a hungry heart, he listened to the Christian's thoughts of death, and in his last moments turned to his mother's God and the sinner's Friend.—*Religious Herald.*

SHAKESPEARE SET TO MUSIC.

IT would make a curious chapter of operatic history to note the various plays of Shakespeare which have served the operatic librettists. "Romeo and Juliet" has had various musical settings. "Othello" was once one of Rossini's most popular operas. Goetz has made use of "Taming of the Shrew," and Signor Pinsuti has set "The Merchant of Venice." "Hamlet" we have allied to the music of Ambrose Thomas and others; and "Much Ado about nothing" was not long ago treated operatically in Germany, where many a year ago Nicolai produced "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which is constantly performed in the German theatres. Halevy, the French composer, made an opera of "The Tempest" for "Her Majesty's Theatre." Mendelssohn was to have composed the work, but did not like the libretto. He was better pleased to set Shakespeare's own lines in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Verdi wrote an opera on "Macbeth," but it is one of his weakest productions. He is now at work upon "Iago," an opera founded upon "Othello." There is scarcely any work of the great poet that some composer has not set to music.

Our offer of one of Kunkel's Pocket Metronomes as a premium for one new subscriber was withdrawn on September first. It takes now two new subscribers to obtain the metronome as a premium, but then it is as easy to get two subscribers now as it was to get one in July and August.

Kunkel's Musical Review.

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THIS is the twelfth monthly number of this volume, and would regularly close it. We have found, however, that the impression among persons subscribing is general that the volume begins with the year, an impression frequently leading to time-consuming correspondence with parties who desire that their subscription should begin "with the volume, from January last." To avoid this and to conform to the custom of most magazines, we shall begin our next volume with January, 1884, and for this reason the November and December numbers will be numbered 13 and 14 of this volume.

AMERICAN MUSICAL TASTE.

MUSICAL critics all over our country are accustomed to point out the low stage of the musical taste of the American public. While much of this style of criticism has its origin merely in the desire of the critic to show his superiority over the *profanum vulgus*, and just to that extent is "buncombe," it cannot be denied that the assertion has a substratum of truth. And yet, in no country, we think, is there so much money expended for what passes for musical instruction. No young woman considers herself quite a lady (and in this happy republic even the kitchen maid is, in her own estimation, a lady) until she can thrum upon the piano.

The lack of musical taste and comprehension we speak of is quite as common among those who have attained even a considerable degree of mechanical skill in performing upon the instruments in ordinary use as it is among those who confessedly know nothing about music. Indeed, as, in the former case, real ignorance is usually coupled with great pretensions, it becomes so obtrusive, as well as offensive, that one might be led to think that those who "have no music in their souls" are to be found mostly among those who style themselves musicians.

If we ask for an explanation of this state of affairs, some will answer, "We are not a musical people," which, if true, is but repeating the problem in another form; others will blame the publishers of music for issuing so much trashy music, leaving unexplained the demand for just the trash which is so largely published; and still others, paraphrasing the rhetorician's saying concerning poets, will sentimentally say, "Musicians are born, not made!" Without entering upon a discussion of these answers or others which might be made, nor denying that some of them may furnish a partial explanation of the condition of things to which we have referred, we think that the principal factor in this result is to be sought for and found in our system of musical instruction; and in this, not only the common herd of incompetents who style themselves "professors of music," but also many really capable teachers are at fault.

Deprived, as our people generally are, of that potent means of musical education for the million—familiarity, through free or cheap popular orchestral renditions of the works of the masters, with the higher forms of music—which our transatlantic neighbors enjoy, the music master must be the principal—we might say the sole—educator of our national taste in music. Music as one of the fine arts is necessarily, in its truest forms, a work of imagination. But how many of our music teachers teach it as such? Term after term, year after year, the piano pupil is put through the *one, two, three, four, one-and-two-and-three-and-four* drill; is told how to sit so as to have a good position, is initiated (more or less—generally less) into the mysteries of *legato* and *staccato* touch, in short, into that which can produce mathematical and mechanical exactness; the vocalist is taught in the same manner, how to use the vocal organs as a musical instrument, and that is all. When we eventually are called upon to listen to the finished pianist or singer, we are astonished that they should perform like Vaucanson's automaton, rather than like beings endowed with a soul: and yet that is but the natural and logical result of the system of instruction which has been followed. The real wonder is rather that there should be some pupils who, in spite of the vicious method in question, rise to a proper comprehension of music as a fine art.

Expression—the word itself implies it—is the speaking forth of the inner sentiment, and therefore is absolutely dependent upon a proper comprehension thereof; but a pupil will never learn to comprehend a piece of music simply by learning to execute it, for, logically, a proper comprehension must precede a proper execution. True, lessons in expression are often given to the more advanced pupils, but, in the first place, those lessons are too often only mechanical directions how to imitate genuine expression; and, in the second place, it is evident that a capacity to comprehend musical works and appreciate them at their real value must be of slow growth, the result of protracted and careful tuition, save, of course, with those favored natures whom we call geniuses.

The critical study of musical works should go hand in hand with the study of musical execution; indeed, as but few of those who study music ever expect to become *virtuosi*, or even proficient amateur performers, it would seem that, with the majority of pupils, more time ought to be given to teaching how to listen to and judge of musical compositions than to the rendering of them.

A music teacher should never ask a pupil to practice a piece until he has analyzed it for his pupil and led him, as far as the circumstances of the case will permit, to understand its inner meaning. Of course, such a system would impose additional labors upon the teachers, but its results would be beneficial alike to them, to their pupils,

and to the art of music itself. Such teaching would, in a very short time, revolutionize our national taste for music and make of us the most musically critical nation in the world. But, will our teachers adopt this system of teaching? We are hopeful, but not at all confident.

CHURCH CHOIRS.

DECADENCE of congregational singing is rapidly taking place in non-ritualistic protestant churches (in ritualistic churches it cannot be said to ever have existed) this is undoubtedly due largely to the introduction of the paid quartette choir, which is assumed to be more "artistic" as a means of music making, than a large mass of less cultured voices. Is this assumption correct? It does not come within the province of a musical journal to discuss the religious bearings of the choir question, but in order to speak intelligently and intelligibly upon the subject from a purely musical standpoint, it is necessary that we should bear in mind

1st, That in religious services music has a religious purpose;

2nd, That in public religious services that purpose must be either to convey to the congregation some religious teaching or to enable it to unitedly express to the Deity its penitence, its prayers or its adoration;

3d, That nothing is ever artistic that is not adapted to its end and that, therefore, church music, to be truly artistic, that is to say, beautiful, must be adapted to its legitimate ends by its intrinsic character and also rendered by appropriate means.

The first of these thoughts is a truism and needs no amplification. As to the second, it is to be noted that the Christian idea of divine worship is that, whatever may be the number of those who outwardly unite in it, it is, in its nature, essentially individual—there is no such thing as prayer or praise by proxy. It does not follow, of course, that only those who sing can "worship in spirit and in truth" nor that those who sing necessarily render any more than "lip service"—the heart may sing though the lips be silent and the soul may have no part in the feelings to which the mouth gives utterance, but no observer of human nature will doubt, for a single instant, that the expression of feeling is a powerful means of exciting feeling; that, if it is true that "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," it is not the less true that the heart is filled again with what the mouth has spoken. Any system of church music which shuts out the congregation or any considerable portion of it from the song service, especially in those hymns which are not purely didactic or hortatory in their character—in other words in hymns of prayer or praise—overlooks this important basis fact, is therefore ill adapted to its purpose and hence, to the extent of that want of adaptation, inartistic. There is a majesty in good church music sung by a large congregation in unison, when the harmonies are furnished by a full organ, which no quartette choir ever gotten together can approach. There is a soul-lifting power in "Old Hundred" in "Coronation," in "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*" and other stately old German chorales, a massive grandeur of musical effect which congregational singing alone can produce.

But we are told that American church congregations will not or cannot sing. There is more apparent than real truth in this statement. If audiences refuse to sing, it is, in general, because they have been led to look upon that as the business of the choir. Other causes for the abstention from singing of many congregations are to be found in the fact that much of the church music in common

use is really unfit to be sung by a large congregation and also in the further fact that the attempt usually made to sing in parts, results in a discouragingly ill-balanced performance, in which voice clashes with voice and harmony becomes discord. With an untrained congregation the unison chorale is the best if not the only good species of church music. But, if it be thought desirable to have part singing, would it not be better for churches to pay a competent person, a liberal salary to teach the people, especially the young people, to sing, than to spend the same money on a quartette of more or less amateurish singers, the effect of whose employment is usually to strangle the true notion of the beautiful in the music of the church?

Let us not be understood to condemn the church quartette choir. It has its place in the service of the church, but its place is not the entire field. There are many beautiful compositions for the church which ought to be heard within its precincts and which only trained singers can render, but after all (masses aside—and we are now speaking only of protestant church music) are not those compositions usually *solis* rather than quartettes? True beauty in all arts depends, we repeat it, on fitness, and we cannot escape the conclusion that quartette choir singing, in those protestant churches which have no ritual, is in many cases (we are much tempted to say in most cases) inappropriate and therefore inartistic and we should hail as a much-needed reform in the music of the sanctuary, the adoption of that simple, austere and majestic style of music which the intellectual giants of the Reformation used as so powerful a means of swaying and carrying the hearts of the masses.

FOUND.

[From the German of Göthe.]

Once, in the woodland,
Absorbed in thought,
I roamed, not knowing
What there I sought.

I saw a flow'ret
'Mid shadows grow,
Like soft stars glitter,
Like bright eyes glow.

I stooped to pluck it,
It whispered low:
"Must I, for with'ring,
Be broken so?"

I dug around it
Took roots and all
And laid it under
The grotto's wall.

Again I set it
In peaceful spot,
It buds and blossoms
And withers not.

MUSICAL STONES.

The chink stone indicates by its name its sonorous qualities. The red granite of the Thebaid in Egypt possesses similar properties. Most of the obelisks were made of this. So musical are the rocks on the banks of the Orinoco, visited by Humboldt, that their sounds are ascribed to witchcraft by the natives. In Brazil are large blocks of basalt which emit clear sounds when struck; and the Chinese employ this stone in the fabrication of musical instruments. Some years since, an artisan of Keswick exhibited a rock harmonicon composed of slabs of stone, placed at certain distances apart, upon which several pieces of music were performed. At the Crystal Palace, some years ago, there was a performance on musical stones (Welsh). The most celebrated of these acoustic wonders is the "Jabel Nakous," or Mountain of the Bell, a low sandy hill in the peninsula of Mount Sinai, in Arabia Petrea, which gives sounds varying in power from that of a humming top to thunder. The late Hugh Miller,

when in the island of Eigg (Hebrides), observed a musical sound while walking on the dry white sand of the beach. As two plates of silex or quartz (which are but crystals of sand) give out a musical sound when struck together, the collision of two minute crystals of sand does the same in however inferior a degree, and the union of all these sounds, though singly imperceptible, may constitute the musical notes of the Mountain of the Bell, or the lesser sound of the trodden sea beach of Eigg. The sand near St. Lunaire, Cotes du Nord, give a faint musical sound at certain tides. In a cavern at Cheddar, Somerset, are some stalactites, in the form of folds of drapery, which give forth musical sounds when struck. A chime of bells can be imitated upon them.

Sir A. Smith distinctly heard sounds issuing

peculiar sound produced. Certainly since the repairs were made in the time of Septimus Severus, the sounds have been rarely heard. Some think the Memnonic sounds were contrived by the priests, because a stone still exists in the lap of the statue, with a recess cut in the block immediately behind it, in which a person could be completely concealed; and because while important personages like the Emperor Hadrian sometimes heard as many as three utterances of sound, ordinary mortals sometimes only heard one sound after repeated visits.

HAYDN'S OX MINUET.

Joseph Haydn was surprised one day by the visit of a butcher. This man, who perhaps appreciated Haydn's music quite as much as any one else, said to him, artlessly, and with all the grace he could assume, "Sir, I know that you are a good and obliging man, therefore I apply to you with confidence. You have, in every variety of composition, written exquisite things; you stand pre-eminent among all composers—but very particularly do your Minuets delight me. Well, I have need of one—pretty, lively and entirely new—for the wedding of my daughter, which will be consummated in a few days. I can, in my extremity, address myself to no one better than the illustrious Haydn." The kind-hearted Haydn smiled a quiet smile at this very new demonstration of respect, and promised the Minuet upon the next day, at which time the butcher did not fail punctually to make his appearance, and thankfully to take possession of the valuable present. After some time Haydn heard a noise of instruments; he listened, and thought he recognized his new Minuet. He went to the window, and saw thence a magnificent ox, with gilded horns, and adorned with ribbons and garlands of flowers. Surrounding him was a walking orchestra, which stopped under his balcony. The butcher advanced from among them, expressed once more the magnitude of his obligation to the great man, and concluded his speech with these words: "I thought that on this day I could not in a more appropriate manner than this, evidence my gratitude for so beautiful a Minuet. I have, therefore, brought you the finest of my oxen." He would not depart until Haydn, moved by his ingenuousness and gratitude, accepted the ox. Since that time has this Minuet been always known by the name of the "Ox Minuet."



"YES OR NO?"

See the great Waltz Song in July Review.

"Yes, no, yes, no, soon shall I see,
Yes, no, yes, no, which it must be,
Yes, no, yes, no,—yes, yes it is
White rose of truth, I must be his!"

from the historic statue of Memnon, and many inscriptions of ancient date are to the same effect, notably one on the left leg, of which the following is a translation: "I, P. Balbinus, have heard the divine voice of the statue of Memnon, etc., etc." "I was in the company of the amiable Queen Sabina (wife of Hadrian), the sun was in the first hour of its course, in the fifteenth year of the reign of Hadrian." It was not till the time of Nero that this statue had any musical reputation. It has been supposed that it was shaken in an earthquake in the twenty-seventh year before Christ, and that the granite, full of cracks may, under certain atmospheric changes, have given forth sounds. Some say that the action of the rising sun upon the cracks in the stone, moist with dew, caused the

At one time an amateur musician, having composed two pieces for the piano, called on Rossini to obtain his opinion of them. Rossini listened courteously to the first piece. As soon as it was over he said: "I prefer the other." Happening to assist at a performance of "Barbiere," which was being ignobly clipped and burlesqued, he turned to an unknown gentleman next to him and whispered; "Who wrote this music?" A witty answer not generally known, will show Rossini at his best, as a sarcastic humorist. Some time after Meyerbeer's death, a pianist called upon him, at Passy, and wished him to listen to a funeral march of his composition, which he had written in honor of the great, lamented *maestro*. He sat down and played his *moreau* with fervor, and after the last note, looked up inquiringly, craving Rossini's opinion. "My friend," was the answer, "your funeral march is very fine, only I think it would have been better had you died, so that Meyerbeer might have composed the music!" *Se non e vero, e ben trovato.*

ON A LADY'S VIOLIN.

Long, long ago, this piteous thing
Grew strong, amid the feathered quire,
In leafy shades whose whispering
Made all the tree-top seem a lyre.
Prophetic sang the forest breeze,
How from the heart of ancient trees
A violin should come to birth
And teach the tongues of heaven on earth.

Sad years have mellowed its long life
To sweetness; built when Charles was King,
Mid discord of Italian strife
It dared high harmony to sing.
But after storm, what gentler rest
Than where its frame is lightly prest—
A maiden's bosom, skilled to make
Its heart to tremble for her sake!

Its voice is wheresoe'er she stays,
She is not known where it is mute.
As Cicily on organs plays,
Or as Apollo wears a lute,
Or as her wheel in paintings fine,
Makes men discern pure Catharine,
So they who hear this viol play
Cry, "Nora is not far away!"

Then straight in quest of her they go,
And gather round her, where she stands
Quickening the nerves with quivering bow,
A realm of sound in her young hands;—
One wields the sceptre, swift and fine,
The other moves from line to line,
Assessing, with unconscious care,
The Æolian tribute of the air.

If the maid mourns, when others fain
Would sit apart, and rock and cry,
These strings tell all the house her pain,
Setting her woe to melody;
And as the healing tones take wing,
They steal the tears that made them sing;
And sacred wheresoe'er it be,
Is music that sets sad hearts free!

Sometimes the maid rejoices so
That weak words fail, so glad is she!
Then is her pent heart's overflow
Released by music's ecstasy,—
Music, that schools the maiden mind
To passion, teaching it to find
High thoughts, which make life holy ground,
Enthroned within the world of sound.


If I this jealous creature take
And draw the bow across the string,
No demon shall such screechings make
As issue from my fingering!
In these my hands that lack the wit
To couple brain and heart and it,
'Tis but a dead and hollow toy;—
In hers, it lives, a voice of joy!

I would I had her cunning art
To tune and play on living strings,
To seek and find the world's lost heart
And kindle charm in common things,
Till all life's ruined bellies chime,
And sunless dials tell the time,
As she makes worth their weight in gold
These vacant panels, centuries old.

And like her viol, tun'd I'd be,
So that if goodness pass my way,
And deign to stoop and handle me,
I may not mar the heavenly lay.
Three happy lives, though all else fade,
On whom the Master's touch is laid!
They render, lying in His hand,
Music too sweet to understand.

Good Words—

VIBRATION.

OUND, heat, light, or color, are different expressions of motion, and recognized by mind through different faculties. We hear sound, we feel heat, we see light or color, and these are said to be caused by vibrations. Such is the theory advanced. In the "Spectrum Analyses" of Schellen we may read:

"A string set in vibration causes a compression and rarefaction of the surrounding air; in front of it the air is pushed together and condensed; behind it the vacuum it creates is filled up by the surrounding air, which thus becomes rarefied for the moment. This periodic movement of the air is transmitted to our ears at the rate of about 1,100 feet in a second; it strikes against the tympanum and occasions, by its further impulse on the auditory nerves and brain, the sensation we call sound."

"Without air or some other medium whereby the vibrations of bodies can be propagated to our ears, no sound is possible. As a sonorous body throws off no actual substance of sound, but only occasions vibration of the air, so a luminous body sends out no substance of light, but only gives an impulse to the ether, and sets it in vibration."

"The pitch of a note depends upon the number of impulses (vibrations) in a given time. When the single impulses are fewer than sixteen or more than forty thousand in a second, the ear is no longer sensible of a musical sound from them. When under sixteen the ear perceives only an un-

defined deep hum, or else it distinguishes the individual strokes on the tympanum as distinct blows. When above forty thousand there is an impression of a sharp but equally undefined shrill or hissing noise. So the limit of susceptible sound lies between sixteen and forty thousand impulses per second."

But, unfortunately, doctors do not agree. When doctors do not agree, death often ensues to the subject and the mortality among "scientific" theories is really alarming.

In "Another World Down Here" Mr. W. M. Williams gives the limit in these words:

"When we carefully examine the subject and count the number of vibrations that produce our world of sounds of varying pitch, we find the human ear can only respond to a limited range of such vibrations. If they exceed three thousand per second, the sound becomes too shrill for average people to hear it, though some exceptional ears can take up pulsations or waves that succeed each other more rapidly than this."

Now for Schellen again:

"Colors are to the eye what musical tones are to the ear. A certain number of impulses per second against the retina of the eye are necessary to produce that sensation of light; if the number of these waves pass above or below a certain limit, the eye is no longer sensible of them as light. The first sensation of these vibrations on the part of the eye commences at about four hundred and fifty billion impulses in a second, and the eye ceases to perceive them when they have reached double that number. The first impression is that of dark red—those vibrations recurring more rapidly producing yellow, then green, blue and violet with which last color the human eye becomes insensible to the ether motion."

The course of vibrations is described by Dove in the following way:

"In the middle of a large darkened room let us suppose a rod set in vibration and connected with a contrivance for continually augmenting the speed of its vibrations. I enter the room when the rod is vibrating four times in a second. Neither eye nor ear tell me of the presence of the rod, only the hand which feels the stroke when brought within their reach. The vibrations become more rapid till when they reach the number of thirty-two in a second, a deep hum strikes the ear. The tone rises in pitch through all the intervening grades up to the highest, the shrillest note; then all again is silent. While full of astonishment at what I have heard I feel suddenly (by the increased velocity of the vibrating rod) an agreeable warmth as from a fire diffusing itself from the spot whence the sound had proceeded. Still all is dark. The vibrations increase in rapidity, and a faint red light begins to glimmer; then it turns yellow—changes through the whole range of colors up to violet, when all again is swallowed up in night.

"Thus nature speaks of the different senses in succession."

Turn we again to Williams. "As already stated, the limit of audible tremors (sound vibrations) is three thousand to four thousand per second, but the smallest number of tremors that we can perceive, as heat is between three and four millions of millions per second. The number of waves producing red light are estimated at four hundred and seventy-four millions of millions, and for the production of violet light six hundred and ninety-nine millions." * * * "There is no gradation between the most rapid undulations of tremblings that produce our sensation of sound, and the slowest of those which give rise to our (next) sensation of the gentlest warmth. There is a huge gap between" * * * "Reasoning from analogy of the stretched strings and membranes, and of our air vibrations in tubes, etc., we are justified in concluding that the smaller the drum or the tube the higher will be the note it produces when agitated, and the smaller and the more rapid the aerial wave to which it will respond. The drum of insect ears and the tubes, etc., connected with them are so minute that *their world of sound probably begins where ours ceases*; that the sound which appears to us as continuous is to them a series of separated blows, just as vibrations of ten or twelve per seconds appear to us. We begin to hear vibrations as continuous sound when they amount to thirty per second. The insect's continued sound probably begins beyond three thousand. The blue bottle may thus enjoy a world of exquisite music of which we know nothing."

And Mr. Williams describes the eye-like organ of the insect ear adapted to receive or record closer vibrations. But for my part I cannot but think, though I am no scientist, an ignorant man at best, that some element or elements are brought in, as for instance, I cannot conceive of mere motion producing heat. I know some scientists have dis-

charged caloric from their orchestra, but I suppose the old rule still works, and one story is good till another is told. But a curious question or thought arises on what Mr. Williams writes of the insect's music, beginning where ours leave off, viz.: What is Mr. Cricket doing? Beating a sort of monotonous base drum? Then as to Katy-dids, and Locusts' doings. What we really do know of insect music does not lead to high estimate regarding it. No, Mr. Williams! Your dream is very pretty, but it is a dream.

We have yet much to learn of that mystery—sound. But the wise will make haste slowly, and not accept all that is written as gospel, especially when written on announced conclusions from crude experiments. This brings me to the purpose of this jottings essay.

A College of Music is wanted. A college of music we may have if the lawyers leave anything of a legacy. But a college of music should be something more than a piano and singing school.


Look at the above extracts. Have you not noticed the vast difference between the figures given by the different authors? And is this a very uncommon instance of the difference given by those professing to teach truths in the same science?

Ought not our college to try to develop the science of sound? Should it not develop the science of tone voices—with especial regard to the orchestral score—create a true science of instrumentation?

I believe that there are profounder secrets to be solved in sound than are dreamt of in our philosophy. But we need facilities for the inquiry. The whole natural science of sound needs a thorough system for its investigation and cultivation; a laboratory or machinery for experimental analyses, and then we shall sweep from the path of the student vast accumulations of nonsense.

We know that music pervades all nature—needs but the faculty for its recognition. It approaches in this Deity more nearly than any other element of human acquisition, and the soul hunger for both is of the highest moral aspiration of man.—HARVEY B. DODWORTH, in *American Art Journal*.

SINGERS' MISPRONUNCIATIONS.

ERE is a class of people whose power of language barely admits of a careful use of English, but to make up for that they bring out the most remarkable French. I heard a man say enthusiastically, "entrez, entrez," meaning *encore*. Another pronounced *rendezvous* as *rendisvows*. There was a man playing the disappointed lover in an amateur rendition of the "Lady of Lyons," who drew down the house by pronouncing *château* as "chatter," and who, even in the use of his native tongue, stumbled over the word "churl," and pompously said to Pauline, "Thy husband is but a low-born curl."

The large army of amateur singers one meets have, as a general thing, a curious way of keeping the words of a song in the back of their mouths, so there is no end to the mistakes hearers make over them. A child who heard the hymn "Hold the Fort," thought the line about a "stranded wreck" was something about a "strangled drake."

I suppose many have heard of the countryman who went into a church as the choir began the anthem, "We all like sheep," which they made sound as if it were an assertion of their taste of food.

"We all like sheep," sang the soprano.
"We all like sheep," warbled the tenor.
"We all like sheep," growled the contralto and bass.

"Well, I don't," said the worthy rustic, and walked out.

A lady who prided herself with the pathos with which she sung Claribel's little ballad:

"Loyale je serai durant ma vie,"
was quite taken back when a child said, "Cousin, do sing that pretty song, 'Royal sir, sherry hurrah for me.'"

Another lady came out at a concert to sing Milard's "When the Flowing Tide Comes In," the last of which goes this way:

"Peace, let him rest; God knoweth best."
With a voice trembling with emotion she sang:
"Peace, let him roast; God knoweth boast."

Many years ago, when, the song—
"Rory O'Moore courted Kathleen Bawn,
He was bold as a hawk, she soft as the dawn,"
was in fashion, a girl who heard a public singer give it picked it up by ear and thought the words were:
"Rory O'Moore courted Kathleen Bawn,
He poulticed the hawk, she salted it down."

AUGUST WALDAUER.

THE picture we give upon this page is that of one who is well known among the musical profession, particularly in the south and west. Mr. Waldauer began the study of music, and specially of the violin, very young. At the age of thirteen he was one of the first violins of an opera troupe that did the principal cities of Germany, including Stuttgart. Here he became a pupil of Molique, the famous violinist, and it was here also that he made his *début* as solo violinist, meeting with the greatest success. Desiring to see the New World, he left Stuttgart and sailed for New Orleans, where he immediately obtained an engagement as solo violinist at the French Opera House. Mr. Waldauer was only eighteen years old at the time, but we have it from Mr. N. Lebrun, who was then one of the leading members of the orchestra of the same house, that young Waldauer's playing was really excellent and pleased the great public and the critical few alike. Two years later, Mr. Waldauer had obtained the position of leader of the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, then probably the largest theatre in the United States, and one which had a genuine orchestra and not a little band of nine or ten men dubbed an orchestra. His reputation as a violinist caused the manager of the Jenny Lind concerts to offer him the position of solo violinist during the "Swedish Nightingale's" triumphal tour of the United States. The offer was a flattering one, the terms liberal and the musician's desire to see more of the country unabated, he threw up his New Orleans engagement and accompanied the Jenny Lind troupe throughout its great American tour. At the close of the tour he was offered an advantageous engagement at the Broadway Theatre, then the leading theatre of the metropolis, but he chose to come to St. Louis, where the lamented Ben DeBar put him in charge of the orchestra of his theatre. This position he retained until about 1877 when he resigned, in order to be able to devote his time to the management of the Beethoven Conservatory, which he had founded in 1871, and which has therefore been in successful operation for over twelve years. About this time, Mr. Waldauer also turned his attention to literary composition and prepared for the stage "Fanchon," "Pearl of Savoy" and "Little Barefoot," which are to this day among the most successful plays upon the American stage. In connection with Mr. Balmer and some other friends of music, Mr. Waldauer organized the old St. Louis Philharmonic Society and later (in 1879) created and successfully conducted the first amateur operatic society ever seen in this country. The St. Louis Musical Union owes its existence to the united efforts of the subject of our sketch and of Mr. Dabney Carr. As conductor of this organization Mr. Waldauer has furnished St. Louis with the best home orchestral concerts it has ever had. In the meantime, he not only manages the business department of the Beethoven Conservatory but is at the head of its violin classes, from which he has had the pleasure of turning out quite a number of violinists who, in different prominent orchestras, do honor to himself and the institution. He is also the author of several creditable musical compositions. *See Lindlow*

THE DRAMATIC ELEMENT IN MUSIC.

IT is not very long since that amongst a few representatives of an old-fashioned English musical criticism, the opera was a subject of ridicule. To notions contracted in the routine of a country professional career, or amidst the narrow culture and uneventful life of a cathedral town, the impassioned expression of the opera may have appeared meaningless and even absurd. Even from the higher and technical point of view of many experienced musicians, the subordination of accustomed musical forms to the exigencies of the drama offends preconceptions born of an education too exclusively confined to technicalities, or founded on a particular selection of models. In spite of recent controversies which have widened the public vision in regard to the possibilities of

the music-drama, and when the strains of a nascent English art are now haunting our imaginations, the opera is still looked upon by some of our critics as a low form, if not the lowest amongst serious efforts in musical composition. Such opinions are perfectly intelligible. But to those whose fancies lean towards complex sensations, not the result of some limited combination of exciting causes, such as a stately procession of so-called "beautiful musical forms," or the complicated but mechanical effects of mere tone-weaving, the disparagement of the opera seems to be at least in direct contradiction to the present and recent tendencies of all music. These tendencies are undeniable, and must have some natural and sufficient cause. To return in our day either to absolute music in instrumental composition, or to rely solely, or mainly, on the technical resources of the art itself, would be to place ourselves in hopeless rivalry with the masters of another period, and subject our era to artistic annihilation. We may be reminded that this comparative annihilation has literally occurred in other arts, and it may be asked, why should it not occur in music? The best answer is to refer once again to a very ancient and elementary dogma in æsthetics, and one which is almost too trite for repetition although generation



AUGUST WALDAUER.

after generation it is ever forgotten. *There is no similarity between music and the arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting.* It may be conceded that since this dictum was formulated modern music has developed points of resemblance to the sister arts that could not have been foreseen by the ancients; but the essential truth remains that music amongst the arts is in the same category only with poetry and the drama. Even the plastic arts themselves derive little aid from one another. We think it is still an effort with the painter to emancipate himself from the trammels of the "art for art" school; whilst for the musician it has been, and is, comparatively easy, owing to the intimate connection of his art with the unbounded resources of language. If in the plastic arts the moderns are resigned to the hopelessness of rivalling their predecessors, the same humility cannot be predicted of poets and dramatists. Herein is the hope, the only hope, we see for music. Our pessimism in this respect extends almost to the belief that the "new symphonies" which so favorably exhibit the technical capacities of young composers, and receive so many vapid compliments from critics, are a mere waste of power, except as exercises—as stepping-stones towards the final aim of modern musical art: the setting of poetry in one dramatic form or

another. These views will not find much acceptance amongst English musicians who allow themselves to be overwhelmed by the traditions of classical and instrumental music. They will not find acceptance amongst all the supporters of what with great justice may be called the existing English school of musical æsthetics; which, new as it is, already gives higher promise than the art itself. We do not intend to worry our readers with any profound quotations that have no practical bearing on the matter in hand; but, to our notions the following passage from a cultivated and voluminous writer on music, Mr. Edmund Gurney, precisely describes the general views of the majority of English musicians and dilettanti. He tells us that the "central conception" of music is "that its primary and essential function is to create beautiful objective forms, and to impress us with otherwise unknown things, instead of to induce and support particular subjective moods, and to express for us known things." In accordance with this central conception, Mr. Gurney divides music into "impressive" and "expressive." By the former term we understand Mr. Gurney to mean the general impressions we derive from ordinary musical composition inspired by indefinite sentiment or by the mechanical sequence of merely musical ideas

and reminiscences. "Expressive music" is, on the other hand, the portrayal of particular emotions, or of the reflected sentiments suggested by external images and sensations; the expression being sometimes made more definite by the aid of absolute imitations. We shall not attempt to controvert Mr. Gurney's views with which, in regard to other and crucial points, we sympathetically agree. His central conception, however, appears to us strangely misapplied to what on all sides is acknowledged to be the most subjective of the arts; and his view may, after all, be a question of terms. We cannot fully comprehend what is meant in musical æsthetics by the words "objective forms." The objectivity can only refer to symmetrical qualities; but the essence of musical forms, as melodies, and independently of constructive and merely technical design, is not in their shapes, even as inflections of continuous sound, but in their *expression*; and this latter term includes all that is implied in the word "subjective." We are rather inclined to reverse the application of the terms Mr. Gurney employs. The words "objective forms" can refer only to the technical and mechanical means that occupy the skill rather than the genius of the composer. His genius is the quintessence of his subjective powers. Apart from the dangerous word "form," borrowed from the imitative arts, it seems to us that in music the real application of the "objective" is to those very sources of inspiration that are supplied as "known things" to the composer, either as emotions already defined by the poet or dramatist, or as external sensations derived from natural phenomena, such as storm or sunset. In this sense the objective element in music is the dramatic element; for whatever may have been the "subjective moods" that inspired the music of "Don Giovanni," it was induced and colored by scene, situation, and objectivities that distinguish it from what we should define as that merely subjective abandonment to the development of musical ideas we find in other compositions by Mozart.

There are certain obvious causes of error in the examination of musical phenomena. The æsthetician, whose business is analysis, is apt to take a scientific or outside view of them; and musicians are liable to judge them as they appear to the eye visibly as "forms" in the modern notation; and finally we are all influenced by the habit of contemplating musical forms as they have been presented to us at certain periods in the development of the art. The latter cause Mr. Gurney notices. When Wagner alludes to the higher value of melodic ideas which spring from "harmonious relations," Mr. Gurney replies: "It is not an uncommon notion that harmony is at any rate the most fundamental, if not the sole originating source of impressive musical effects in our age; a misconception far more disastrous in its results than the old idea of phantom harmonies and basses as an essential ingredient of melody to which Helmholtz gave the *coup de grâce*." Mr. Gurney might have gone further, and quoted from Wagner the follow-

ing passage, characteristic not of the great reformer, thinker, and music dramatist, but of Herr Wagner, German, chauvinist, and musician of his period. He says: "Italian opera melody has remained satisfied with an harmonic basis of such astounding poverty, that it might exist without any accompaniment whatever." Why astounding? The special virtue and merit of Italian melody consist in its independence of such support. The Italian composer of the period Wagner refers to could afford to treat his orchestra as a "guitar," just as a person endowed with powers of expression and a voice of fine quality can venture to sing unaccompanied. Italian opera melody is at once "impressive" and "expressive." Bellini's air, for example, "In mia man al fin tu sei," is not only exquisite as melody—it is intensely dramatic in its expression of the scene in which it occurs. It is doubtful if Wagner himself, whatever he may have theoretically conceived or intended, has ever musically accomplished anything comparable to that melody, considered purely from a dramatic point of view. No splendor of orchestration could improve it. It grandly represents the dramatic element in melody alone, as a means of concentrated expression, and as the antithesis of what critics intend to signify when they talk of "logical development." "Rational thought," says Wagner, "existing and moving in reasons and consequences, finds no hold whatever" in the symphony of Beethoven. Nor does it in any music whatever. The canon itself is not logic, but simply orderly arrangement. When Wagner, in his marvellously clear exposition of his ideas, in his letter to M. Villot, lays it down as a law that *the only form of music is melody*, he utters a scientific and æsthetic common-place; but when he proceeds to explain his ingenious and fertile conception of *infinite melody*, we see how dependent are his notions of melody on "harmonious relations." In fact, his conception is so mixed up with the "changes of expression" we all know are imparted to melody by "an harmonic turn," that it appears to be a direct outcome of the mere technical devices of his day. Harmonic effects in any shape are evanescent. When united with fragments of melody they are but shining ripples without the roll of the billow—without the whole strength and intrinsic musical power of motion. Infinite melody, combined with large outlines—not necessarily known forms—may be the ultimate completion of the Wagnerian theory. It was another and less fortunate idea of Wagner's that the orchestra should not only illustrate the action of the drama, but the motives of the action as well. This he attempted by a purely melodic and symbolical device. Melody is in some sense to harmony what articulate speech is to sound; but the limits of definiteness in music are impassable. To overstrain them is to deliver ourselves bound hand and foot to the upholders of "impressive music." The orchestra in the opera should, as Voltaire said of *le spectacle* in tragedy, have a share in the interest. In the infancy or early youth of the opera, Quinault is reported to have placed tragedy under the apprenticeship of music. The result was that he eliminated complications in the action of the drama, and in the motives of action, to adapt his piece to a musical setting. M. Gounod has said lately that "it is difficult to get people to listen to a piece of music that is only a *portrait of character*." We are afraid it is; but it is "character" people most seek in painting, because it is there definable. The often-quoted dictum that whether adoration in music is addressed to the Deity or to a mistress is immaterial, is usually attributed to Cousin; but it was said almost in the same words long before he was thought of, by Chabanon, a Gluckist, and one of the precursors in his time of Wagnerism. We need not depend on the intense and penetrative criticisms of Wagner, or on his theories or musical illustrations, to show that the dramatic element is not an incidental quality, but the beginning and end of music. We might take advantage of a certain Darwinian hypothesis, of the inconvenience of which Mr. Gurney himself seems conscious, to show—that hypothesis anything like the truth, and practically acknowledged even as a phase of common heredity—that the origin and being of music are not only "expressive," but deeply dramatic. Again, the most elementary technicalities of music, the *modes*, are distinctly "expressive," and differentiations if not precise definitions of subjective moods; and in this latter sense they seem to have been employed by the ancients. The earliest musical efforts of any artistic merit, and apart from organized cries and exclamations, have in all nations been expressive of particular subjective moods and from the beginning dramatic. Mediæval music was allied to the solemnities of an imposing church ritual, and to the words of hymns such as the "Stabat" and the Requiem, in their

spirit and origin dramatic. The modern symphony itself the purest representative of independent music, was, in the hands of him who most glorified it, dramatic in its tendency; and weaker efforts in the same direction have since had, and have still, similar pretensions. The culmination of these tendencies is in the theatre. The discipline and requirements of the stage, from a musical point of view, induce condensation and concentration of thought and expression. The stage is intolerant of technical amplifications and the recasting of reminiscences. It demands that every stroke shall tell, and be at the cost of inventive power. In some regards it demands the sacrifice of the ideal, and at least of vague musical impressions. The new mental trajectory, more on a level with ordinary surroundings, widens if it lowers the vision of the composer. The objective clearness of scene, action and situation, stirs the mind in new directions. Ultimately it reacts subjectively, provoking the unity, intensity, and glow which characterize what we call *originality*; a complex quality, resulting in a certain mental focus and vividness as apparent in a Balfian strain as in the elaborated exordium of a symphony. Musicians as a rule acknowledge the essentiality of genius in writing for the stage. After dabbling in symphony and chamber music, their hope is to clench and extend their fame by writing an opera. This they often attack in middle-life and without success. History, however, records many instances of success under such circumstances; but it may be said generally that the musically dramatic genius is specific, and born with the possessor, who takes to the stage early and naturally. It is a curious sign of the times, that composers evince a desire to adapt their cantatas—even sacred cantatas—to the stage. The attention is easy to comprehend. The theatre, in the highest sense of the word, is a Pantheon, where the votaries of all the arts can unite. The audience is thus wider in its views, and in every respect nobler, than a congregation of specialists in some one art, pursued in selfish independence.—*Musical Times*.

THE "BEGGAR'S OPERA."

THE "Beggars' Opera" was the first large and successful English work which dealt mainly with the annals of criminals; and unwholesome though it is, it met with a brilliant reception and has been one of the causes of the peculiar lack of morality in many plays since produced.

It was written by that easy, indolent, good-humored genius John Gay, who was the first poet who really succeeded in an effort at making highwaymen, thieves, pickpockets, and the whole fraternity of Newgate's disreputable characters agreeable and attractive to London play-goers of that time, by introducing them in opera.

John Gay, the author, was born at Barnstable, in Devonshire, 1688, and died December 4, 1732, aged 44 years. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The Beggars' Opera abounds with points of personal and political satire which, though well understood at the time, would not now be recognized by the reader. Its dialogue was full of agreeable humor, and it presented a very absurd story with all the vividness of actual truth.

The combination of scenery, action, and popular, though not original music, the lively dialogue in place of dull recitative, and the ringing choruses, were all novel, and a surprise as well as delight to the English public; but probably the picturesque way in which the opera presented criminal life created much of the enthusiasm with which the new musical wonder was received.

In the Preface of this opera, the author says: "Twas on Sunday morning, December 7th, 1728, that I waited upon the Lord Chamberlain; I desired to have the honor or reading the Opera to his Grace, but he ordered me to leave it with him, which I did upon the expectation of having it returned on the Monday following; but I had it not till Thursday, December 12, when I received it from his Grace with this answer: that it was not allowed to be acted, but commanded to be suppressed."

This order from the Chamberlain was for the suppression, not of the original Beggars' Opera, which was put upon the stage January 29, 1728, and had been acted in London many times previous to December, 1728, or about ten months, but was for the suppression of a continuation of it, entitled "Polly," which Mr. Gay wrote after the success of the opera was established. "Polly" was, however, revived by Colman, at the Haymarket, as a separate opera in 1777, but without success.

The scene of the Beggars' Opera is laid at Newgate, and the plot, instead of Italian brigands,

introduces English highwaymen. One, and the principal hero, is Macheath, who marries the daughter of a criminal lawyer; and this lawyer is one who has long been employed to defend the robbers and thieves, being paid for such service by a lion's share of the spoils; his name is Peachum, and his daughter, the wife of Macheath, is "pretty Polly."

Peachum, of course, knows all about the husband of Polly, and determines to have him hanged, so that the pretty daughter and widow, to become, may have riches and freedom.

Polly, however, on learning the plans of her father, the lawyer, (not wishing to be a rich widow,) reveals the plot to her husband and he escapes.

Soon after, Macheath is again arrested, when it is found that he has another wife, named Lucy; and these two wives happen to visit the much-married man, at the same time, in prison, and a stormy scene results. It is in this scene that Macheath sings the song—

"How happy could I be with either,
Were't other dear charmer away!"

The prisoner being found guilty, is sentenced; but before the execution, four other wives appear to witness the interesting ceremony of hanging, with very little prospect of so many widows becoming rich.

While the rope is being adjusted, a rabble come rushing to Newgate shouting a pardon, so Macheath, liberated, walks out singing:

"Then think of this maxim,
And put off all sorrow,
The wretch of to-day,
May be happy to-morrow!"

While the six wives during the preparation for the hanging listen attentively to the song of Polly:

"Oh, ponder well, be not severe,
To save a wretched wife;
For on the rope that hangs my dear,
Depends poor Polly's life!"

Macheath dances on the green with all his wives, but embraces Polly who with him disappears.

At Schomberg House, Pall-Mall, the dramatic scheme of the Beggars' Opera was first concocted. At first it was named "Newgate Opera," but Gay did not like that name, and changed it. It was a satire upon the Italian opera which was very fashionable at the time it was composed; but it was no more original than the modern "Pinafore" of Gilbert and Sullivan, and perhaps not more popular.

The famous Dean of St. Patrick's Church, Jonathan Swift, born in Dublin, 1667, and who died October 19, 1745, aged seventy-eight years, when in England, 1726, suggested to Mr. Gay the idea of composing a Newgate pastoral, in which the characters should be such as were lodged in that prison; and the Beggars' Opera was the result. It was commenced in the fall of 1726 and was ready for the stage in the spring of 1727.

On examination, I find that there are more than sixty different songs, nearly all of them alterations of old English, Scotch, Irish and other national ballads and dance tunes.

There is no pretense of originality in the music, except the composition of the overture—that being by the celebrated Dr. John C. Pepusch, who also set the words to the old tunes selected, arranging all for performance and composing accompaniments to such tunes as needed them. Dr. Pepusch was born at Berlin, 1667, and died in 1752, aged eighty-five years.

When this opera was put upon the stage the friends of Mr. Gay, who had examined it, were doubtful of its success; but the great variety of the songs, the pleasing music, and the strange characters introduced, so happily intermixed popular music, good acting and fine scenery, with vice and all manner of roguery, that the opera made a complete success.

Italian opera and English pastorals—both sources of fashionable and poetic affectation—were for a time driven out of the field by this new work, which had a run of sixty-three nights and became the rage in town and country. It also gave rise to the English opera, a species of light comedy enlivened by songs and music, which supplanted the foreign opera with all its exotic and elaborate graces.

Alexander Pope, born in London, May 22, 1688, and who died at Twickenham, May 30, 1744, aged fifty-six years, says:

"It was the opinion of Congreve that the opera would either take greatly or be condemned soundly; but on its performance we heard the Duke of Argyle say—'It will do, it must do; I see it in the eyes of the listeners;' and he was right. The approval of the audience appeared stronger and stronger every act, and ended in one grand burst of applause."—JOHN W. MOORE, in *Musical Record*.

THE ST. LOUIS FAIR.

As we have often said, we now repeat: KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW is in no sense of the word a local paper, and were the St. Louis Fair a purely local festival we should not give it more than a passing notice, but it is rather a festival of the western country, it attracts to our city yearly thousands of our readers and, lastly, for the first time in its history "Fair week" is to have a grand concert, a recognition of the art of music which challenges a recognition from a musical journal. For these reasons, we have decided to give this gala week some space in this issue, which will reach our readers in time to apprise them of what they can expect. As we have added four pages to our usual number, we do this without in the least encroaching upon the space devoted to other subjects. In the first place, the city will be illuminated the whole week in a manner never before seen in America. The illumination last year was admitted by all who saw it, to have been far superior in extent and brilliancy to anything seen before. This year's will much surpass that in its variety, extent and splendor. To give an idea of the magnitude of this illumination we may say that it extends for a mile on both sides of Fourth Street, over a mile on both sides of Fifth Street, and there is nearly another mile on Olive and Walnut Streets and Washington Avenue. This illumination is made with over one hundred thousand gas jets in various colored porcelain globes. Washington Avenue and Olive Street will be illumined with electric lights for a distance of miles. All this in addition to the extensive illumination of business houses and dwellings, many of which will make elaborate displays.

On Tuesday night, October 2, the Veiled Prophets pageant will take place—twenty-two magnificent floats designed by the most famous Parisian decorative artists will represent "Fairland." From personal inspection we can say that these floats will surpass in beauty everything of the kind that has yet been seen in this city and, we believe, in this country. This pageant will be followed by the usual Costume ball in the grand hall of the Chamber of Commerce. On Monday and Wednesday nights we are promised the grandest display of fireworks ever given in America. They are to be fired off from Twenty-second Street and Lucas Place. Thursday night will be the Trades Procession which will be some three miles in length—Numerous business houses have gone to great expense to prepare magnificent floats. One of the most original will doubtless be that of the Simmons Hardware Company, an immense anvil inside of which will be two bands of music playing, with the necessary adjuncts of anvils the "anvil chorus" from "Trovatore," turn and turn about, so as to keep the chorus going during the entire duration of the procession.

On Friday night, the Veiled Prophets will appear at the Olympic Theatre in magnificent tableaux and at the same time and place will be given the concert of which we have already spoken. The best talent has been selected for this occasion. The artists who will be present are Mme. Rivé-King the great and popular pianist; Mrs. E. Aline Osgood, the famous soprano whose picture graces our first page; Mrs. Belle Cole of New York, who made so many friends here when she appeared at the Thomas Concerts, contralto; Mr. Edouard Remenyi, the violin virtuoso and the famous Boston Temple Quartette, consisting of Messrs. W. R. Bateman, first tenor; E. F. Weber, second tenor; H. A. Cook, barytone; A. E. Ryder, bass. They will be under the direction of Mr. A. Waldauer, assisted by an orchestra of eighty well-selected musicians, some from Cincinnati and Chicago. During the entertainment there will be distributed to each lady in the audience a beautiful and costly *souvenir* elegantly decorated with an appropriate device, painted on satin by a celebrated artist in Paris, France, who was commissioned to do this work nearly a year ago. They will be the most elegant *souvenirs* ever presented at a public reception, and will be most highly

prized by all who are fortunate enough to receive them, as nowhere else on the face of the globe can they be obtained.

In this connection, and considering that many thousands of persons will see this issue who have not seen our previous issue we repeat in this issue the portraits of Mme. Rivé-King and of Mr. Remenyi, which we have published in previous numbers of the Review. We regret that the lateness of the date of Mrs. Cole's engagement prevented us from having a good cut made of her, which would have enabled us to give at this time the pictures of all the leading artists in this musical *fête*.

The lovers of "the national game" will have an opportunity to see some fine ball playing at Sportsmen's Park (popular known as the St. Louis Baseball Park) during fair week. The St. Louis baseball park is the largest and the best kept in the country and is only a short distance from the Fair Grounds, so that people who visit the fair in the forenoon can take in the ball-games in the afternoon. It is true that the championship series of

seem like a fairy land to many of the gentler sex, who could there find in five minutes what they would roam over half of the city, perhaps in vain, for an entire day to gather together. A vast store such as Barr's, useful as it is to residents, is doubly so to strangers, for residents, familiar with the city, can go from store to store knowing just where they are going, while strangers lose much time and tire themselves out in trying to find unfamiliar places in unfamiliar streets. Then too, it is not every one who is a judge of goods, and to know as every one knows who enters Barr's that all goods in the vast stock are just as represented is no small matter, especially when the further fact is added that they sell as cheap as the cheapest. The location (Olive, Sixth and Locust streets) is convenient to the principal hotels and street car lines. The REVIEW office is near by and our friends who may wish to give us a call can "kill two birds with one stone" and visit Barr's at the same time.

It will do good to the eyes of the lovers of beautiful things to take a stroll through the magnificent establishment of Mermod, Jaccard & Co., northwest corner Fourth and Locust streets. Save for the presence of the affable clerks in their European dress, one could easily fancy that he had suddenly become the possessor of Aladdin's lamp and was in the fabled cavern of the "Arabian Nights," as he sees silver and gold and jewels, cunningly wrought into a thousand and one objects of art and beauty, glitter and shine invitingly on all sides. We shall not talk business for the proprietors for they know how to do that much better than we, but we advise our readers to visit the establishment as they would Shaw's Garden or the Bridge and we cheerfully add that if, while so doing, they choose to combine business with pleasure, they can repose the most implicit confidence in the statements of the house concerning the character and value of its goods, which they will, we believe, find to be as cheap as goods of that quality can be.

From art in the precious metals to art in tapestries is but one step and from Mermod, Jaccard & Co's to J. Kennard & Sons' is but one block, and a short one at that. The richest products of Turkish, French and English looms in the way of carpets are to be found there by the side of the more common, but perhaps not less serviceable manufactures of our own country. The Messrs. Kennard claim to have the largest carpet (and curtain) house in the west, and we have no doubt the claim is well founded. Mr. Samuel Kennard, of this firm, is the president of the Exposition and Music Hall Association, and to his efforts more than to those of any other one man will St. Louis be indebted for the magnificent temple of art which is now in process of construction.

Do you like fancy stationery? If you are one of the "better half" of mankind, you doubtless do. In that case you will be thankful to us for recalling to your mind that Scharr Brothers, who have the best and largest stock of fine stationery, wedding and invitation cards, etc., etc., in St. Louis, have their store on the northeast corner of Seventh and Olive streets.

At 608 Olive Street, only two doors from the office of KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW and directly opposite the Olive Street entrance to Barr's, is Thonssen's "Art Emporium." Mr. Thonssen has on exhibition some very nice oil paintings and undoubtedly the largest and finest stock of English water colors in St. Louis, if not on this side of the Alleghanies.

In the way of photographs, crayons and other portraiture, the finest not only in St. Louis but in the United States are those of Scholten, 920 and 922 Olive Street. Persons in need of photographic work and who visit the fair would do themselves a wrong by not calling upon Scholten, who turns out better work than any other photographer, east or west. He has several imitators in St. Louis; he has no rivals.

After feasting the eyes, should you wish to replenish your supply of perfumeries, and toilet articles (of course you'll need no drugs, else we should mention them also) from a large and ever fresh stock, at reasonable prices, you will thank us



JULIE RIVÉ-KING.

For biographical sketch see June REVIEW.

the American Association will have been closed before that, but President Von der Ahe has, with his well known enterprise, arranged a schedule of games between the home team and the different league organizations which will run through the month of October as follows:

St. Louis vs. Indianapolis—Oct. 2 and 3.
St. Louis vs. Chicago—Oct. 4, 5 and 6.
St. Louis vs. New York—Oct. 8, 9 and 10.
St. Louis vs. Detroit—Oct. 11, 12 and 13.
St. Louis vs. Providence—Oct. 16, 17 and 18.
St. Louis vs. Cleveland—Oct. 21 and 24.
St. Louis vs. Buffalo—Oct. 20, 22 and 23.

Visitors to the Fair will therefore have an opportunity of seeing games between some of the crack organizations of the country.

It would be well worth the while of the visitors to the St. Louis fair to visit some of its leading business houses. There is Barr's, for instance, indisputably the largest retail dry-goods house in the west; "thirty stores under one roof" as they expressively but truthfully put it, which would

SUGGESTIONS TO THE SOPRANO.

On entering the *sanctum* of the REVIEW recently, we found upon the altar, i. e., upon the editor's desk, a dainty, perfumed note, which read as follows:

"Dear Mr. Old Stager:—I think it is real mean of you to write *advice* to "expectant tenors" and "new musical critics" and neglect to mention the most important, I might say, the *first* person in music, the church *soprano*. Now, dear Mr. Stager, *do please* say *something* about us for I'm *just dying* to see what *advice* you will give us. Of course you'll say something nice; but say *something* anyhow, and I'll think you're an awful sweet man.

Sincerely yours,

FLORINDA O'GUSH."

Now, if there is anything Old Stager loves to do, it is to delight church sopranos, and especially those of the O'Gush family, (and, as everyone knows, no other family has furnished so many *prime donne* for the sanctuary). I therefore, without knowing just what the fair Florinda wishes, plunge into the interesting subject, so to speak in *medias res*, and trust that the many other church sopranos who may read these lines will take my reply to Florinda as a reply to themselves.

My Dear Miss O'Gush:—I am overwhelmed with confusion to think that I should have deserved the reproach which you have addressed to me, of overlooking, even temporarily, so important a person as the church soprano. The soprano is twin-sister to the tenor; both are indispensable, both are superior beings, but in music as in most things, it is *place aux dames*, and it may be well said that if the tenor is the sun around which the lesser musical planets revolve, the soprano is the musical Alcione around which the tenors with their satellites revolve in their turn. In other words, she is the grand center of the musical universe. Bear this in mind I see you are not disposed to forget it—that is right. If you have a "realizing sense" of your true dignity, you may hope to take high rank as a church soprano. The next thing you should bear in mind is, that rehearsals are organized for the purpose of teaching you the notes of your part. I know there is a vulgar, but happily obsolete, idea that rehearsals are for the purpose of putting on the finishing touches, of getting a proper *ensemble* of the parts, and that members of a choir ought to know their parts before they come to rehearse, but that is all nonsense, and if the choir leader or the organist are imbued with such silly notions, do just as you please anyhow. The choir cannot get along without your valuable services.

The life of a woman is divided into four psychological periods: babyhood, girlhood, gigglehood and womanhood—I mean the life of common women. Sopranos, that is to say simon pure church sopranos, never get beyond the period of gigglehood. Their faces may wrinkle, their voices may grow very tremulous, but their perennial youth will always be seen in their perennial giggle during religious service, i. e., when they are not actually singing. It adds greatly to the impression of a soprano solo, say Handel's "I know that my Redeemer liveth," to have the singer give it a prelude and a postlude of giggles—the more idiotic the better.

I believe that I have already said that you need not know a note of your music when you go to the rehearsal; before I forget it, I must add that you should know and repeat all the scandal and ill-natured gossip you may have heard, especially if it affects your fellow singers. This will put them in a pleasant and pious frame of mind and also make them love you.

Your dress should be like your voice, as loud as possible. That was not St. Paul's notion of the proper garb of women in church, but, as Phœbe Cousins says, he was only an old bachelor anyhow—she's not an old *bachelor*—and besides there were no church sopranos in those barbarous and ignorant days. If you heed these remarks you will soon become, if you are not already, a thousand dollar soprano. By the way, my dear Miss O'Gush, there is a song entitled "I'm a thousand dollar soprano" which Kunkel Brothers publish, and which I dare say is just suited to your voice. I make free to quote the words:

I'm a thousand dollar soprano!
That's my lowest possible rate,
Who'll have me? High church or low,
Speak quick, or you'll be too late.

An up-town church I prefer,
With a fashionable congregation,
But, indeed I will not demur.
At aught that befits my station.

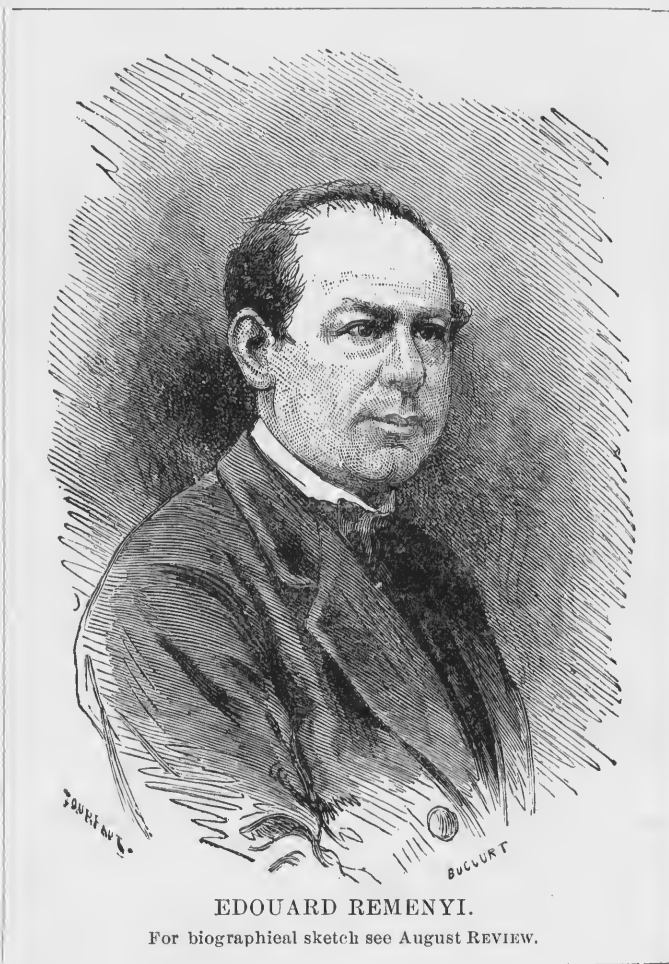
A tenor I'd recommend—
He sings opera duets with me;
A basso too I could send
Who will take a low salary.

I must have all the solos, of course,
Must select the contralto too.
For if she have too much force
Of voice, she never will do.

And I'd also prefer to select
The organist—one who'd owe
To me his place, for he'd expect
To play as I told him to—

At the service you know I must sing
Music that will make one dance,
Lloyd, Lambillotte, that sort of thing—
I detest those stupid old chants.

Then each Te Deum ought to contain
Two solos for me to do,
Or else I must sing both my own
And the tenor solo too.



EDOUARD REMENYI.

For biographical sketch see August REVIEW.

Of course, you see I can't attend
The church on a rainy day,
A substitute I cannot send
In the summer when I'm away.

For the sermon I never can wait
Unless in the offertory
One more solo should be mine,
To sing to my praise and glory.

When to Europe I want to go,
The vestry, if in its senses,
Must agree that I may do so,
And defray all of my expenses.

I'm a thousand dollar soprano!
Engage me without further trouble,
For if you delay much longer
I'll certainly charge you double.

The author of this "beautiful poem" is unknown to me; it was written long before I had met a genuine church soprano. I state this for two reasons. The first is that I do not want you to send bouquets to me under the impression that I am the poet laureate who wrote those verses; the second is to show you that even in by-gone ages, sopranos were sopranos. Be true to your antecedents and you will continue to be the pride of the church militant and of

OLD STAGER.

MR. ABBEY'S PROSPECTUS.

R. HENRY E. ABBEY has just issued the prospectus for the inaugural season of the new Metropolitan Opera Houses, which will commence on Monday evening, October 22. "As a guarantee of the high order of the character of the performances to be given," the prospectus says, Mr. Abbey submits the following list of the principal artists he has already engaged:

Soprani—Mme. Christine Nilsson, Mme. Alwina Valleria, Mme. Emmy Fursch-Madi, Signorina Ida Corani, Signorina Imogene Forti and Mme. Sembrich.

Contralti—Mme. Sofia Scalchi, Mme. Emily Lablache, Mlle Louise Lablache and Mme. Zelia Trebelli.

Tenori—Signor Italo Campanini, M. Victor Capoul, Signor Vincenzo Fornari, Signor Amadeo Grazi and Signor Roberto Stagno.

Baritoni—Signor Giuseppe Del Puente, Signor Luigi Guadagnini and Signor Kaschmann.

Bassi—Signor Franko Novara, Signor Ludovico Contini, Signor Baldassare Corsini and Signor Mirabella.

Conductors—Signor Augusto Vianesi and Signor Cleofonte Campanini.

Signora Malvina Cavalazzi will be *première danseuse* and Mme. Maretzek the harpist. The stage management will be entrusted to Mr. Wm. Parry. The scenic artists are Messrs. Fox, Schaeffer, Maeder and Thompson. The orchestra, numbering seventy-five pieces, and the military band of twenty instruments, have been selected by Signor Vianesi from the principal opera houses of Italy, Germany, France and England. The chorus of eighty voices will be under the direction of Signor de Rialp, who has personally superintended the selection in Europe. A special feature, it is promised, will be made of the ballet, which will be under the guidance of Signor and Signora Danesi, led by Mme. Cavalazzi and composed of thirty-two coryphees from Milan.

During the autumn and spring season the following operas are promised: "Faust," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Lucretia Borgia," "Linda di Chamounix," "Gioconda," "Roberto Il Diavolo," "Gli Ugonotti," "Il Profeta," "Fra Diavolo," "Amleto," "Mignon," "Otello," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "Lohengrin," "I Puritani," "La Sonnambula," "Mefistofele," "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Don Giovanni," "Carmen," "La Traviata," "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto" and "Marta."

On the opening night Gounod's "Faust" will be given with the following cast:

Faust Signor Campanini.
Mephistopheles... Signor Giuseppe del Puente.
Valentine Signor Giuseppe del Puente.
Siebel Mme. Sofia Scalchi.
Marta Mme. Emily Lablache.
Margherita Mme. Christine Nilsson.

On the second night of the season Donizetti's opera, "Lucia di Lammermoor," will be presented, with Mme. Sembrich as Lucia, her first appearance in America; Signor Campanini as *Edgardo* and Signor Kaschmann, who will make his first appearance in this country, as *Enrico*.

The subscriptions for the autumn season of twenty-nine nights and one matinee will date from the opening of the house. The terms of subscription for the thirty performances will be: For orchestra stalls, \$150, and for private boxes, \$1,200.

Mr. Abbey in his prospectus says that he takes "pleasure in calling attention to the *répertoire* announced. It includes Ponchielli's "Gioconda," the only new opera in the Italian language which has of late years made a decided success, and some operas which, though not new, have not been presented in America for many years for want of competent artists to fill the leading part; while others, such as "Le Prophète," have not been presented on account of the enormous costs of their production. Among these are Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet," which is to be produced with the title part sung by the tenor, as originally written, and Rossini's "Otello." Attention is also called to the fact that Bizet's "Carmen" will be performed with the same cast as when it was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, and was performed more than fifty times."

BARRIAS has completed for the approaching Triennial Exhibition in Paris, a plaster statuette of "Mozart, when a child, tuning his violin."



OUR MUSIC.

FLUTTERING BUTTERFLIES (Caprice) *Rev. H. A. Asmuth.* This graceful composition cannot fail to please the large majority of our readers. The author is a Catholic priest stationed at Cape Girardeau. This is his first published work and speaks well for his musical talent. As he is still quite a young man, the public are very likely to hear from him again.

THREE FISHERS.—(Ballad) *Chas. Kunkel.* The pathetic words of Canon Kingsley have been set to music by more than one composer. The version best known is undoubtedly that of Hullah, which is certainly meritorious. The close relations existing between ourself and the author must not in this instance prevent us from saying that, after comparing this setting with four others, we are of the opinion that this renders the ideas of the song better than any of them. To mention only one point: in all others settings the three stanzas are treated almost precisely alike. There is an inherent absurdity, however, in setting to the self same melody and harmony, the peaceful line of the first stanza:

"Each thought of the woman who loved him the best"

and the dramatic cry of the corresponding line in the third:

"And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For the fishers who ne'er will return to the town."

This absurdity has been avoided here, by a change in the music which admirably corresponds with the change in the sentiment of the words.

SCHERZO, from Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony," for piano by *Carl Sidus.* Sidus' series of classical pieces which have been running through our paper need no commendation at our hands. The best teachers everywhere are adopting them as choice teaching pieces for the better class of their younger pupils, who by this means are becoming familiar with the best thoughts of the best masters, while getting the best of technical instruction and practice.

"TICK-TACK, CUCKOO, TICK-TACK." *Charles Kunkel.* This domestic ballad is destined, we believe, to extended popularity. Each stanza is a little genre picture and the music, while popular, is musicianly in its character. It is now being sung with great success by Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels. Persons desiring orchestral parts can obtain the same from the publishers for the price of ONE DOLLAR NET.

BOHEMIAN GIRL (Fantasia). *Carl Sidus.* This is one of the easiest of Sidus' easy set of operatic fantasias. It needs but to be played to be appreciated by those for whom it is intended.

"STARLIGHT" (Polka-Mazurka) *Wetzel.* This little composition will probably find more than one admirer among our readers. It is not pretentious, but it is certainly very good, in its way.

STUDIES, (13 & 14 Book I) *Duvernoy.* Revised and annotated by *Charles Kunkel.* These studies need only to be examined to be appreciated and recognized as the best edition ever issued from any press.

The following are the prices in sheet form of the pieces published in this issue:

"FLUTTERING BUTTERFLIES" (Caprice) <i>Rev. H. A. Asmuth.</i>	60
"THREE FISHERS" (Ballad) <i>Chas. Kunkel.</i>	50
Scherzo from "Reformation Symphony" <i>Carl Sidus.</i>	35
"TICK-TACK, CUCKOO, TICK-TACK!" (Ballad) <i>Chas. Kunkel.</i>	50
"BOHEMIAN GIRL" (Fantasia) <i>Carl Sidus.</i>	35
"STARLIGHT" (Polka-Mazurka) <i>Ida C. Wetzel.</i>	35
STUDIES— <i>Duvernoy-Kunkel</i> (worth).....	35

Total.....\$3 00

NEW MUSIC.

Among the latest of our issues we wish to call the special attention of our readers to the pieces mentioned below. We will send any of these compositions to those of our subscribers who may wish to examine them, with the understanding that they may be returned in good order, if they are not suited to their taste or purpose. The names of the authors are a sufficient guarantee of the merit of the compositions, and it is a fact now so well known that the house of Kunkel Brothers is not only fastidious in the selection of the pieces it publishes, but also issues the most carefully edited, fingered, phrased, and revised publications ever seen in America, that further notice of this fact is unnecessary.

PIANO SOLOS.

CHOPIN'S BEST THOUGHTS, selected, revised, and carefully fingered (foreign fingering), by Chas. and Jacob Kunkel:

Thine Image, Romanza.....	F. Chopin	\$ 75
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Consolation.....	F. Chopin	50
Spring Waltz.....	F. Chopin	35
Summer Waltz.....	F. Chopin	35
Autumn Waltz.....	F. Chopin	50
Awakening of Spring (Polka Caprice).....	J. J. Vœlmecke	60
Angelic Chimes Reverie.....	J. J. Vœlmecke	50
Valse Caprice (Summer Sky).....	J. J. Vœlmecke	60
Sadie Schottische.....	Lysandra Clemmons	35
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Satellite (Polka de Concert).....	J. C. Alden, Jr.	1 00
Tales from the Vienna Woods Waltz, written for and dedicated to R. Joseffy, Strauss, (Grande Paraphrase de Concert).....	Julie Rive-King	1 50
Dreaming by the Brook (Morceau de Concert), R. Goldbeck	R. Goldbeck	1 00
En Avant (Galop).....	R. Goldbeck	50
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The Military (March).....	R. Goldbeck	50
Murmuring Waves (Reverie).....	R. Goldbeck	50
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Woodbird Polka.....	E. Schaeffer-Klein	60
Memory's Dream (Fantasia).....	J. R. Ahalt	75
Titania (Caprice-Valse).....	William Merkel	60
Twilight Musings (Reverie and Waltz).....	E. F. Johnson	50
Gavotte in A minor, as performed by Julie Rive-King at her concerts.....	F. Brandeis	75
Stella (Valse de Concert), (Edition de Salon).....	G. Satter	1 00
Valse Caprice (Grande Valse de Concert).....	A. Strelezki	1 50
Gavotte (in G major).....	A. Strelezki	60
Flash and Crash (Grand Galop).....	S. P. Snow	1 00
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Fluttering Butterflies.

Allegro ♩ — 132

Rev. H. A. Asmuth Op. 37.

The musical score for "Fluttering Butterflies" is written for piano. It begins with a tempo marking of *Allegro* at 132 beats per minute. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The score is divided into several systems, each consisting of a treble and bass staff. The piece features a variety of musical notations, including dynamics such as *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), *f* (forte), and *leggiero* (light). It also includes articulation marks like slurs and accents, as well as fingerings indicated by numbers 1-5. The piece concludes with a final cadence marked with an asterisk.

Giocoso.

The image displays a page of musical notation for a piano piece, likely a technical exercise or a short composition. The notation is arranged in six systems, each consisting of a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo/mood is indicated as "Giocoso." at the top right. The piece begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The notation is highly detailed, featuring numerous fingerings (numbers 1-5), slurs, and pedaling instructions ("Ped.") throughout. A "cresc." (crescendo) marking appears in the fifth system. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign. There are several asterisks (*) marking specific measures in the fifth and sixth systems.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a complex melodic line with many fingerings (1-5) and slurs. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. Pedal points are indicated by "Ped." below the staff. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) appears in the latter part of the system.

Second system of musical notation, starting with a first ending bracket labeled "1. 8." and a second ending bracket labeled "2. 8.". The treble staff continues with intricate fingerings. The bass staff includes a *mf* (mezzo-forte) marking. Pedal points are marked with "Ped." and asterisks (*) indicating specific pedal changes.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has complex fingerings and slurs. The bass staff includes a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking and a *mf* (mezzo-forte) marking. Pedal points are marked with "Ped." and asterisks (*).

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff continues with complex fingerings and slurs. The bass staff includes a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking. Pedal points are marked with "Ped." and asterisks (*).

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has complex fingerings and slurs. The bass staff includes a *Leggiero.* (light) marking. Pedal points are marked with "Ped." and asterisks (*).

Sixth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has complex fingerings and slurs. The bass staff includes a *p* (piano) marking. Pedal points are marked with "Ped." and asterisks (*).

Giocoso.

First system of musical notation for 'Giocoso'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The music features a series of eighth-note chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' below the bass line. Fingering numbers (1-5) are shown above the notes.

Second system of musical notation for 'Giocoso'. It continues the pattern of eighth-note chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand, with 'Ped.' markings and fingering numbers.

Third system of musical notation for 'Giocoso'. It includes a small asterisk (*) in the middle of the system. The notation continues with eighth-note chords and single notes, accompanied by 'Ped.' markings and fingering numbers.

Fourth system of musical notation for 'Giocoso'. It maintains the eighth-note chord pattern in the right hand and single notes in the left hand, with 'Ped.' markings and fingering numbers.

Fifth system of musical notation for 'Giocoso'. This system introduces a 'cresc.' (crescendo) marking and a 'f' (forte) dynamic. It also includes a 'Ped.' marking. The notation continues with eighth-note chords and single notes.

Sixth system of musical notation for 'Giocoso'. It continues the eighth-note chord pattern in the right hand and single notes in the left hand, with 'Ped.' markings and fingering numbers.

Leggiero

Seventh system of musical notation for 'Leggiero'. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The music consists of eighth-note chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' below the bass line. Fingering numbers (1-5) are shown above the notes.

This page contains six systems of musical notation for a piano piece. Each system consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The notation is highly detailed, with numerous fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5) and pedaling instructions (e.g., Ped., 8-measure rests). Dynamic markings such as *cres*, *cen*, *do*, *f*, and *ff* are present. The page is numbered 2 in the bottom right corner.

The Three Fishers.

DIE DREI FISCHER.

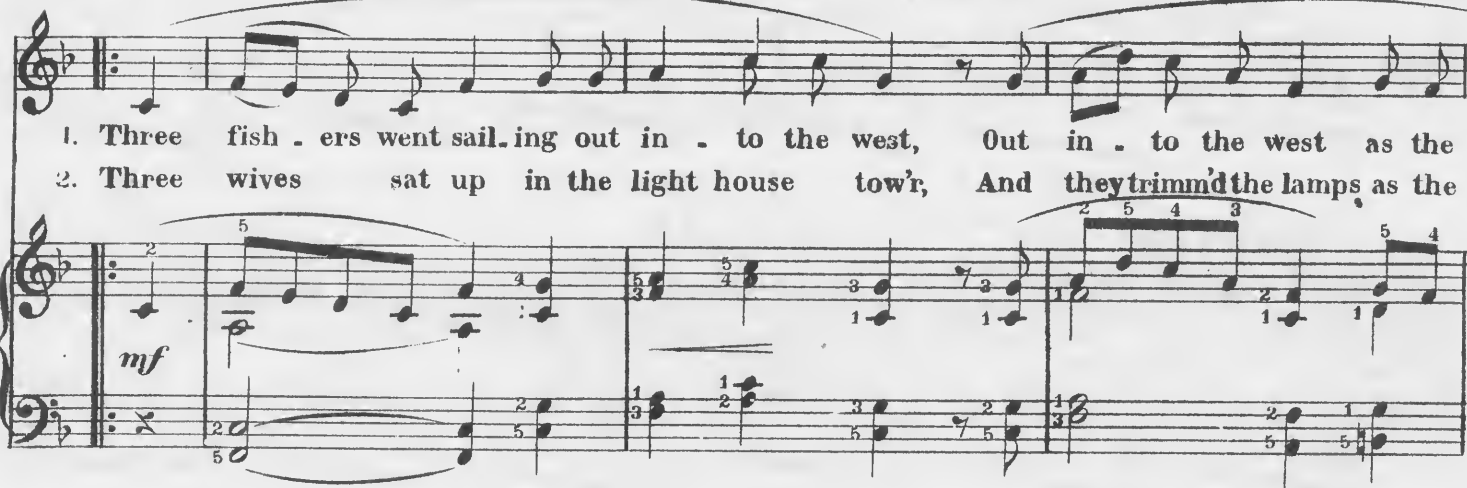
Words by Charles Kingsley

Moderato ♩ . 88

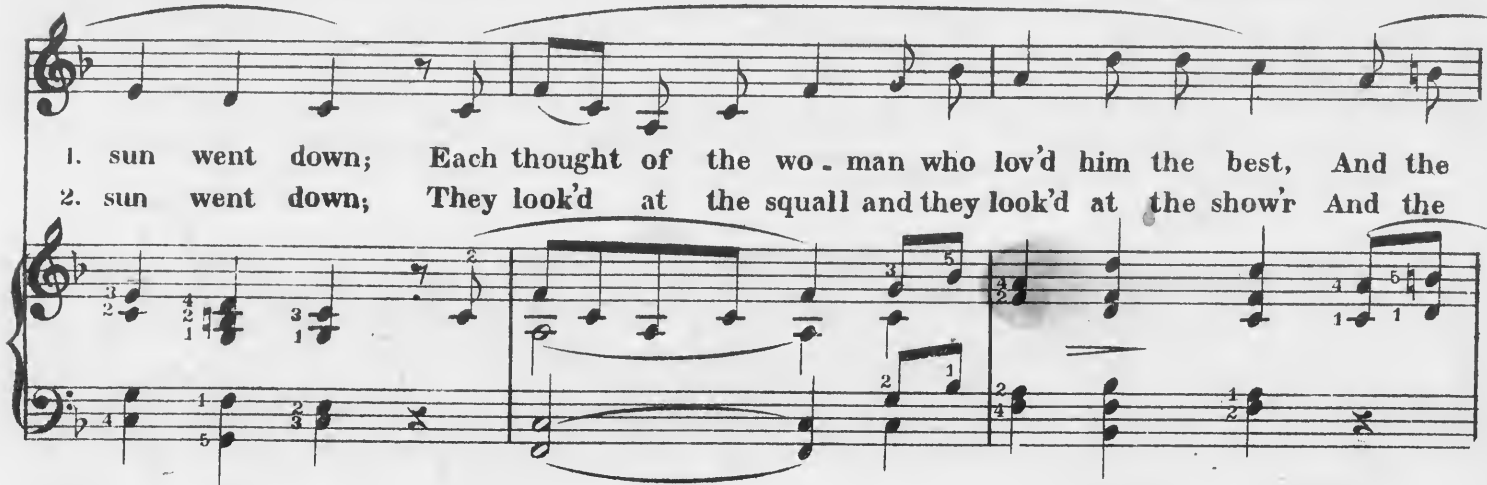
Music by Charles Kunkel.



2. Es wach . en drei Mütter im Leucht . thurm alt Sie pfe . gen die Lam . pen im
1. Drei Fisch . er, sie fuh . ren hin . aus auf das Meer, Nach West . en da . hin in das



2. Däm . mer . licht, Sie füh . len den Stoss von des Sturmes Ge . walt, Wie die
1. Ab . end . roth; Dacht Je . der an's Weib, das ihn lieb . te gar sehr, Und die



2. Sturz well am nächt.i.gen Stran.de sich bricht

1. Kin.der, sie lug.ten hin.aus nach dem Boot Dem Mann Ar.beit dem

1. chil.dren stood watch.ing them out of the town; For men must work, and
2. night.rack came roll.ing up rag.ged and brown! But men must work, and

Wei . be die Noth Und bei kleinem Verdienst für Vie . le das Brod Lag der Strand auch wüsthue
rit. a tempo.

1. women must weep, And there's lit.tle to earn, and ma.ny to keep Tho' the har.bor bar be
2. women must weep, Tho' be sudden the storm and wa.ters be deep Tho' the har.bor bar be
rit. a tempo.

öd . e Lag der Strand auch wüsth und öd . e

1. moan . ing Tho' the har . bor bar be moan . ing.
2. moan . ing Tho' the har . bor bar be moan . ing.

Sie fan - den drei Leichen im Mor - gen - sand In des Früh roths Licht, als die
Andante.

Three corp - ses lay out on the morn - ing sand, In the tid - ing gleam as the

Flut strömt hin - aus, Und die Wei - ber, sie wein - ten so trost - los am Strand Um die
a tempo accel. ler. ando. ff a tempo.

tide went down; And the wo - men are weep - ing and wringing their hands For the

Fischer, die so wie - der kehr - ten nach Haus Dem Mann Ar - beit, dem
Tempo I.

fish - ers who'll nev - er come back to the town, For men must work and

Wei . be die Noth Und bei klein . em Ver . dienst für Vie . le das Brod So lebt
a tempo.

women must weep, And the sooner it's o'er the sooner to sleep, Then good

rit.

a tempo.

f

wohl nun ihr Was . ser voll Kla . gen So lebt wohl nun ihr Was . ser voll

bye to the bar and its moan . ing Then good bye to the bar and its

f

Kla . gen.

moan . ing.

45

So lebt wohl, so lebt wohl, so lebt wohl!

Then good bye, then good bye, then good bye.

ossia.

ff

*f*₃

ff

♯ Singers preferring to close on the high F will go from ♯ to the ossia. The first ending ♯ is however recommended as the most musicianly

MENDELSSOHN.

Scherzo from the Reformation symphony Op. 107.

Carl Sidus Op. 89.

Allegro vivace 69.

The musical score is arranged in six systems. The first system begins with a piano part marked *p* and an organ part. The second system continues the piano part and organ part. The third system continues the piano part and organ part. The fourth system continues the piano part and organ part. The fifth system continues the piano part and organ part. The sixth system ends with a piano part marked *ff* and an organ part marked *Ped.*

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First system of piano music. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *ff*, *ff*, *ff*, *mf*. Pedal markings: *Ped.* with asterisks. Fingering numbers 1-5 are present.

Second system of piano music. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *f*, *f*. *Fine.* marking at the end. Fingering numbers 1-5 are present.

Trio section. Treble and bass staves. *Cantabile* marking. *p* dynamic. Fingering numbers 1-5 are present.

Third system of piano music. Treble and bass staves. Fingering numbers 1-5 are present.

Fourth system of piano music. Treble and bass staves. *Ped.* marking. Fingering numbers 1-5 are present.

Fifth system of piano music. Treble and bass staves. *Repeat from beginning to Fine* marking. *f* dynamic. Fingering numbers 1-5 are present.

Tick-tack, Cuckoo, tick-tack.

Words by E. A. Zuendt.

English version by I. D. Foulon.

Music by Chas. Kunkel.

Allegretto ♩ — 100.

- | | |
|--|-----|
| 4. Grossmut - ter's Ge - burts - tag ist heut, | Sie |
| 3. Was Ro - bert mir quält und Ma - rie! | Sie |
| 2. Die Lieb', ja, die Lieb', ist ur - alt! | Wer |
| 1. Ein Mäd - chen so ro - sig und zart, | Ein |

1. A maid - en, the pet of the brood, A
 2. Young Love is as old as the world, Its
 3. What clouds o'er the heav - ens now lower! What
 4. See grand - moth - er sit in her place! How

denkt der entschwundenen Zeit,
 blick - ten so fin - ster noch nie.
 fügt sich nicht ih - rer Ge - walt!
 Büb - chen von schelmischer Art,

Sie wischt sich die Au - gen, die al - ten, Die
 Sie schmollen, doch denkt er der Stunde, Die
 Es kos - ten die Menschen und küssten Zu
 Sie hat - ten ein Vög - lein ge - fangen, Denn

boy of most fro - lic - some mood, They'd caught a young bird - ling to - gether And
 shafts ev'n in E - den were hurled; Since then tur - tle - doves have been cooing, And
 makes Bob and Mol - lie so sour! They're pout - ing, and yet they are thinking Of
 glad yet how tear - ful her face! Ah sure - ly her eyes are be - holding The

Hän - de zum Be - ten sich fulten. - Voll Glück ist ihr Herz un - bewusst. Da - Ku. ku!
 rief zu dem eh - lich - en Bunde, Jetzt schlägt's, und sie sieht nach der Uhr, Und Ku. ku!
 jeg - li - chen Zei - ten und Fristen. Und Ro - bert schlich hinter Ma - rie. Da - Ku. ku!
 lan - ge war das ihr Ver - langen. Sie woll - ten's ge - nau jetzt be - sehn Da - Ku. ku!

fain would have scam'd ev - ry feather, The bird - ling she held in her frock When "Cuckoo,
 now Bob and Mol - lie are wooing, A kiss Bob would steal, but the clock Cries: "Cuckoo,
 th' hour when their lives they were linking, Of mem - o - ries fond comes a flock And: "Cuckoo;
 bright gates of heav - en un - fold - ing. Her birth - day this is, Hark! a knock. And: "Cuckoo,

Ku - ku! grüsst die Uhr, Sie kün-det ihr Heil Ju bel und Lust, Denn ihr
 Ku - ku! schallt es laut, Wie vor-den als sie Treu - e ihm schwur, Und sie
 Ku - ku! rief die Uhr Wie stö-rend, o wie neck-isch sie schrie: Es ist
 Ku - ku! rief die Uhr! Nun war's auch um das Vög-lein geschehn, Denn sie

cuc - koo!" call'd the clock. A luck - y call for bird - ling in - deed! From the
 cuc - koo!" at the gawk. Moll starts and turns, dis - cov - ers the thief, Vex'd, he
 cuc - koo!" calls the clock. Just so it called that sum - mer day past When she
 cuc - koo!" sings the clock. They fill the room, the great and the small And 'tis

bringt der En - kel Schaar, Mit dem Gross - va - ter den Glückwunsch dar, Singend
 fliegt zum Gat - ten hin, Und sie schlingt voll Lieb den Arm um ihn, Rufend:
 heu - te noch nicht Zeit; Und das Liebchen ist zur Flucht be - reit, Singend:
 schlug die Stun - de aus, Und das Vög-lein flog zum Fen-ster'naus, Singend:

start-led hands it flew, And it fled a - far, with light-ning speed, Sing-ing:
 knows not what to do; But she's off, and laughs to see his grief, Sing-ing:
 swore to love him true, In her arms a - gain she folds his fast, Sing-ing:
 grand - pa leads the crew And the hap - py band sing, one and all, "Ma - ny

Dank, viel Dank, Ku - . ku! Viel Dank, viel Dank, viel Dank! Die
 Dank, viel Dank, Ku - . ku! Viel Dank, viel Dank, viel Dank! Die
 Dank, viel Dank, Ku - . ku! Viel Dank, viel Dank, viel Dank! Die
 Dank, viel Dank, Ku - . ku! Viel Dank, viel Dank, viel Dank! Die

"Thanks, Oh thanks, cuc - . koo! Oh thanks, Oh thanks, Cuc - koo!" Un-
 "Thanks, Oh thanks, cuc - . koo! Oh thanks, Oh thanks, Cuc - koo!" Un-
 "Thanks, Oh thanks, cuc - . koo! Oh thanks, Oh thanks, Cuc - koo!" Un-
 "Thanks, Oh thanks, cuc - . koo! Oh thanks, Oh thanks, Cuc - koo!" Un-

p Chorus ad lib: Tenors and Basses

Tick tack, tick tack, tick tack, tick tack,

Air. moved the clock then went a - long, Thus: "tick tack, tick tack, tack," And
Uhr a - ber ging ih - ren Gang So tick tack, tick tack, tack, In

tick tack, tick tack, tick tack, tick tack,

sang her one un - chang - ing song Thus: "tick tack, tick tack, tack," Un -
Ru - he fort die Zeit ent - lang So tick tack, tick tack, tack, Die

tick tack, tick tack, tick tack, tick tack,

moved the clock then went a - long, Thus: "tick tack, tick tack, tack" And
Uhr a - ber ging ih - ren Gang So tick tack, tick tack, tack Mit

rit.

tick tack, tick tack, tick tack, tick tack, tick tack, tick tack,

rit. sang her one un - chang - ing song Thus: "tick tack, tick tack, tick tack" Thus:
 Ru - he fort die Zeit ent - lang So tick tack, tick tack, tick tack, So

poco *a* *poco* *crescendo* *e* *acceler.*

tick tack, tick tack, tick tack, tick tack, tick tack, tick tack, tick tack, tick tack, tick tack, tick tack,

p tick tack, tick tack, tick - e tack - a tack, tick - e tack, tick - e tack, tick - e tack, Thus
 tick tack, tick tack, tick - e tack - a tack, tick - e tack, tick - e tack, tick - e tack, So
 Gradually faster and stronger until the sign ϕ

..... *an. to*

tick tack, tick tack, tick tack, tick tack, tick tack, tick tack, tick tack, tick tack, tick tack, tick tack,

tick tack, tick tack, tick - e tack - a tack, tick - e tack, tick - e tack, tick - e tack, Un -
 tick tack, tick tack, tick - e tack - a tack, tick - e tack, tick - e tack, tick - e tack, Die

BOHEMIAN GIRL

(BALFE)

Carl Sidus Op. 131.

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls

Andantino ♩. 132.

a tempo.

Virace ♩. - 100.

Come with the Gipsy bride

Allegretto ♩. 100.

First system of musical notation, treble and bass staves. The treble staff contains a melodic line with various fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5) and slurs. The bass staff contains a supporting line with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5).

Second system of musical notation, treble and bass staves. The treble staff continues the melodic line with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5). The bass staff continues the supporting line with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5).

Third system of musical notation, treble and bass staves. The treble staff continues the melodic line with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5). The bass staff continues the supporting line with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5).

Fourth system of musical notation, treble and bass staves. The treble staff begins with a *rit.* marking and continues with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5). The bass staff continues the supporting line with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5). The text *a tempo.* is written above the treble staff.

Fifth system of musical notation, treble and bass staves. The treble staff continues the melodic line with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5). The bass staff continues the supporting line with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5). Dynamic markings *f* and *p* are present.

Home the valleys and hills.
Allegro assai - 100.

Sixth system of musical notation, treble and bass staves. The treble staff continues the melodic line with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5). The bass staff continues the supporting line with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5). A dynamic marking *p* is present.

Seventh system of musical notation, treble and bass staves. The treble staff continues the melodic line with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5). The bass staff continues the supporting line with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5). A dynamic marking *p* is present.

First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first measure contains a 45-measure rest. The second measure contains a 12-measure rest. The third measure contains a 4-measure rest. The fourth measure contains a 1-measure rest. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. The first measure contains a 1-measure rest. The second measure contains a 5-measure rest. The third measure contains a 4-measure rest. The fourth measure contains a 1-measure rest. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. The first measure contains a 45-measure rest. The second measure contains a 45-measure rest. The third measure contains a 4-measure rest. The fourth measure contains a 2-measure rest. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. The first measure contains a 45-measure rest. The second measure contains a 45-measure rest. The third measure contains a 4-measure rest. The fourth measure contains a 2-measure rest. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 17-20. The first measure contains a 2-measure rest. The second measure contains a 5-measure rest. The third measure contains a 4-measure rest. The fourth measure contains a 3-measure rest. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Sixth system of musical notation, measures 21-24. The first measure contains a 3-measure rest. The second measure contains a 4-measure rest. The third measure contains a 3-measure rest. The fourth measure contains a 1-measure rest. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Seventh system of musical notation, measures 25-28. The first measure contains a 3-measure rest. The second measure contains a 4-measure rest. The third measure contains a 3-measure rest. The fourth measure contains a 1-measure rest. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

STARLIGHT

POLKA MAZURKA

Ida C. Wetzel.

Tempo di Mazurka ♩ — 144

The musical score for "Starlight" Polka Mazurka is presented in five systems. Each system consists of a piano (p) staff and a vocal staff. The piano part is characterized by a steady rhythmic accompaniment, often using chords and single notes, with frequent "Ped." (pedal) markings and asterisks (*) indicating specific points of interest or technique. The vocal part features a melody with various note values, rests, and fingerings (1-5). The score is divided into sections by dynamic markings: *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The tempo is marked "Tempo di Mazurka" with a quarter note equal to 144 beats per minute. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D-flat minor). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and fingerings (1-5). The score is divided into sections with dynamic markings like *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and fingerings (1-5).

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Pedal points marked below the bass staff. Dynamics include *cresc.* and *f*. Fingering numbers are present above the notes.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Pedal points marked below the bass staff. Dynamics include *p* and *f*. Fingering numbers are present above the notes.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Pedal points marked below the bass staff. Dynamics include *p* and *sf*. Fingering numbers are present above the notes.

Trio.

dolce.

Fourth system of musical notation, beginning the Trio section. Treble and bass staves. Pedal points marked below the bass staff. Dynamics include *p*. Fingering numbers are present above the notes.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Pedal points marked below the bass staff. Dynamics include *p*. Fingering numbers are present above the notes.

FINE.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Pedal points marked below the bass staff. Dynamics include *mf* and *cresc.*. Fingering numbers are present above the notes.

Repeat Trio to Fine, then repeat from beginning to Trio.

STUDY.

Allegro ♩ — 80 to ♩ — 152.

leggiero.

simili.

The object of this study is lightness of attack with loose wrist, and elegance of execution. Observe carefully the fingering with the left hand. Well played, with proper observance of the dynamic marks, this study makes a very pretty piece.

GENERAL REMARKS.—In the following studies, all notes or chords marked with an arrow, must be struck from the wrist, otherwise the attack (*attaque* French *ansatz* German) will be clumsy stiff and hard. After the notes or chords so marked have been struck, a strict *legato* must be preserved throughout, as indicated. By *legato* is meant the keeping down of each key during the full length or time-value of the note, and until the following note is struck. It often occurs that the second of two chords which immediately follow each other should be connected with the first almost *legato*. To accomplish this, all the fingers of the first chord which are not used to strike the notes of the second chord, should be held down on the notes of the first chord, until the second chord is struck. The fingers so held down form a sort of pivot or fulcrum for the other fingers, which can then strike the following chord with freedom and elasticity. In order to assist the student to distinguish the notes which are to form the pivot and which must be played absolutely *legato*, they have, in these studies been connected by dotted lines with the following chord. Strict attention to these general remarks, and to the notes accompanying each study will lay the foundation of correct and elegant piano playing.

First system of musical notation. The right hand features a continuous eighth-note melody with slurs. The left hand plays a bass line with eighth notes and rests. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. Dynamics include *cresc.* and *dim.*

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues the eighth-note melody. The left hand features a more active bass line with eighth notes. Dynamics include *riten.* and *a tempo.*

Third system of musical notation. The right hand continues the eighth-note melody. The left hand continues with eighth notes and rests. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5.

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand continues the eighth-note melody. The left hand continues with eighth notes and rests. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5.

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand continues the eighth-note melody. The left hand continues with eighth notes and rests. Dynamics include *cresc.*, *dim: e rall:*, and *pp*. A dashed line with the number 8 above it spans the first two measures of this system.

STUDY.

Allegro ♩—80 to ♩—125.

A Observe a strict legato throughout this study. Do not raise the fingers from any key until the next key has been struck, except where an interval requires a stretch larger than the hand can reach, as at C or for small hands at D.

B The lower fingering should receive special study, as it cultivates flexibility of the hand in contracting and expanding.

See General Remarks under Study No. 1.

LUDDEN & BATES' FACTORY.



Our July issue, under the head of "Questions Pertinent and Impertinent" we queried as follows: "Where is Ludden & Bates, 'own factory'?" In New York—yes; but where in New York?" This brought from Messrs Ludden & Bates the following communication, which reached us just too late for insertion in our last month's issue:

SAVANNAH, GA., Aug. 27th, 1883.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—

Dear Sir:—In a recent issue you ask "where is Ludden & Bates' own factory?" The insinuation implied is, that we have no factory, and are not genuine makers.

We beg to state that the Ludden & Bates Piano is manufactured from the case up, in our own factory in New York by our own workmen, under the personal supervision of our Mr. Ludden. We manufacture only for our own retail trade and our factory as yet is quite small, but it will grow in due time. But be it large or small its location in New York is not hard to find and the only name over its door is that of,

Yours truly,

LUDDEN & BATES.

P. S.—Oblige us by making correction as the item is calculated to do us injury.

We give the Messrs. Ludden & Bates the benefit of their letter, although we fail to see that they have replied to our question: "Where in New York is their factory?" As to whether the gentlemen are or are not what they call "genuine makers" cuts no figure whatever in the question of the worth of the instruments that bear their name. There are scores of pianos manufactured by "genuine" makers, especially in "small factories" which are worse than the worst of the "stencil pianos" made by large establishments, whose facilities are superior. We do not say this as implying that the Ludden & Bates is a bad piano, for we know nothing for or against it.

OUR BABY.



NEVER did like babies. We have one at our house, and my mother thinks everything of it, though I can't see anything very wonderful about it. It can do nothing but scratch and squall and kick. It hasn't any teeth at all, and can't even chase a cat out of the back yard. Mother and Sue say they won't have any dogs in the house, but they are always going on about the baby, and saying "Ain't it perfectly sweet?" The worst thing about a baby is that you're expected to take care of him, and then you get scolded afterwards. Folks say, "Here, Jimmy, just hold the baby a minute, that's a good boy" and then, as soon as you've got it, they say, "Don't do that; just look at him; that boy will kill the child. Hold it up straight, you good-for-nothing little wretch." It is pretty hard to do your level best, and then get scolded for it afterwards; but that is the way boys are always treated. Perhaps, after I am dead, folks will wish they had treated me differently.

Last Saturday, mother and Sue went out to make calls, and told me to stay at home and take care of the baby. There was a cricket match that day, but what did they care for that? They didn't want to go to it, so it made no difference whether I went to it or not. They said they would be gone only for a little while, and if the baby waked up I was to play with it, and keep it from crying, and be sure not to let it swallow any pins. Of course I had to do it. The baby was sound asleep when they went out, so I left it just a few minutes while I went to see if there was any pie in the pantry.

If I was a woman, I wouldn't be so dreadfully suspicious as to keep everything locked up. When I got back upstairs again, the baby was crying and howling just like it was full of pins; so I gave him the first thing that came handy, which happened to be a bottle of French polish that Sue uses to clean her boots, because girls are too lazy to use the regular blacking brushes. The bottle had a wire in it, with a sponge on the end to rub the boots with. The baby stopped crying almost directly after I had given him the bottle, and I sat down to read the *Young People*. The next time I looked at him he'd got the sponge, and about half of his face was jet black. This was a nice fix for me, as I knew nothing could get the black off his face, and when mother came home she would say the baby was spoiled and I had done it. Now, I think an all black baby is ever so much more stylish than an all white baby, and when I saw the baby was part black, I made up my mind that, if I blacked it all over, it would be worth more than it ever had been, and, perhaps, mother would be ever so much pleased. So I hurried up and gave it a coat of black. You should have seen how that baby shined! The polish dried as soon as it was put on, so I had just time to get the baby dressed again when mother

and Sue came in. I wouldn't lower myself to repeat their unkind language. When you've been called a murdering little villain, and an unnatural son, it will rankle in your heart for ages. After what they said to me I didn't seem to mind about father, but went upstairs with him almost as if I was going to church, or anywhere else where it didn't hurt much.

The baby is beautiful and shiny, though the doctor says that it will wear off in a few years. Nobody shows any gratitude for the trouble I took, and I can tell you it isn't easy to black a baby without getting it into his eyes and hair. I sometimes think it is hardly worth while to live in this cold and unfeeling world.—*Exchange*.

WARNINGS.

In Denver, recently, the cornets of three young men who were learning to play exploded simultaneously. The remains of the embryo Levys were distributed over one half of the city. Cornets are becoming dangerously explosive; it is safer to play with a gun.

A WELL-TO-DO young farmer near Highland, Ill., undertook to learn to play the accordion and in one week had become a driveling idiot. Physicians say that a desire to learn to play the accordion is a sign of softening of the brain, and this sad case would seem to confirm the theory.

A YOUNG lady in Pittsburgh, who was singing "Peek-a-boo", the other night and another in St. Louis, who was warbling "We never speak as we pass by," on the same evening suddenly lost the *chiaro-scuro*, of the *salles à manger* of their diaphragms and strained the hypo-glossal nerve of the anterior parietes of the *je ne sais quoi* of their metocarpuses. They may recover but they will never marry. Young ladies should not fool around such dangerous combinations of sound.

A PROMISING youth of the city of Chicago, was practicing on his violin one night last week when he was shot and instantly killed by one of the neighbors who thought there was a cat-fight going on. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of accidental death.

At Washington, N. J., on the 10th ult., Andrew Brown a lad of seventeen, was suddenly struck dumb while playing on one of the organs made by the mayor of the town. It is thought the disease was communicated to him by the dumb stops of the instrument.

RECENT scientific investigations have shown that jew's-harp players are subject to lockjaw and that fatal cases of scurvy are very common among players of mouth harmonicas.

STATISTICS carefully collected in Boston establish the fact that three out of four of the young ladies who play "The Maiden's Prayer" die old maids; there is something in the air that drives away the beaux.

DOCTOR SMITH, of New Orleans was called in to reset three dislocated arms in one day (Sept. 20). In every instance the injury resulted from turning the crank of an organina. Cranks of this description should be allowed to turn themselves.

AN Ananias of a cheap music teacher was killed by lightning in North St. Louis while running down to his pupil KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW. A list of five-cent sheet music was found in his pocket and several pieces of that description were upon his pupil's piano, for which she had paid him at the rate of thirty-five cents each. The coroner's jury exonerated the lightning and rendered in its favor a verdict of justifiable homicide.

PSYCHOLOGY OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

M. Charles Lévêque, professor at the College of France, has written a work relative to the psychology of musical instruments. This is a new subject, and M. Lévêque has treated it in a highly original manner. Is instrumental music expressive, and, if so, in what limits? M. Lévêque says that it can render three states of the soul—sadness, joy, and between these two extremes the simple movement of life.

Between each of these extremes and the average state there is an infinity of degrees, which are, musically, shades; but of these degrees and shades, instrumental music expresses only the genus, never the species, and still less, the individual. An air may be sad, but without words we should not know

whether it were the sadness of a lover, a husband, a father or a brother.

Nevertheless, in the limits of the genus, instrumental music has a vast field. The degrees of each one of the three states form a prodigiously extended scale, upon which, by means of accents, shades, and diversity of movements, and systems, we can vary the expression a thousand times. What shall we have done then? We shall treat the instrument as the human voice, and, consequently, acknowledge implicitly, that the instrument is a singing voice without words.

The grand symphonies of the masters do not escape this law. Between melody sung by the voice and the great symphonic melody there is a difference of proportion and degree, but not of substance. In this system of psychological and vocal explanation, what becomes of music and its relation to nature?

In the first place, in nature, says M. Lévêque, there are only noises. Thus, the nearer music comes to nature, the more it becomes noise and loses its musical qualities. Animal cries are not music; the song of birds, even, is not, for it is subject to none of the laws which constitute music. In fine, no instrument could exactly imitate the cry of an animal, the song of a bird, or the noise of the elements.

If we observe carefully, we shall recognize that what we call picturesque music interests us only when it is to a certain point a voice or an *ensemble* of voices, recalling to us in some degree, without exact imitation, one or several sounds of nature.

Berlioz has written a very original page on the sadness of the winter wind. All the analysis that it contains shows in the winter wind a voice that we hear moan, lament, wail, howl—speak, even. "Speak" is, perhaps, too much; but the rest is exact, and shows some effects, at least, analogous to those of a voice or of several voices.

AN OLD-FASHIONED CHOIR.



THE average country church choir is not usually a source of much profit to the visiting portion of the congregation, and yet there is really a great deal of worship in the purely inartistic way in which the good old hymn tunes are sung. The choir, composed of ten or fifteen young girls, four of five bass singers, and a sprinkling of tenor voices hardly fledged, and led by the old choir master, who alternately sings soprano or alto or tenor, as the case requires, is, we believe, almost a thing of the past, and yet it does exist way off in the New England villages, and in the particular one where some musical Buffalonians are recreating. Who has not heard of such choirs from his grandmothers, and wondered over the runs and extraordinary passages that the old tunes or "antheims" contained, but who would imagine that it was possible to hear this very same old-fashioned music in our day and generation? To really see a choir whose material might answer to the description of a century ago is a novelty. The row of pretty country girls in clean, starched dresses, with a bunch of sweet garden flowers carried along with their hymn-books and Bibles, and the bronzed men with light vests and queer-looking coats, giving them an awkward appearance, as if they never had really become acquainted with either garment. Even the "clove candy" is a factor that is not wanting, or the old leader with cracked voice and energetic beat to keep up the time. Then what a genuine satisfaction it is to hear a choir that does not know Warren's "Rock of Ages," or Baumbach's collection, or Millard's arrangement, or Gounod's solos, or all the trashy material that influences people now-a-days to go to the house of the Lord to criticise music rather than to learn the story taught by the cross. Neither do these singers appear to think they can do anything but turn to "Toplady" when the beautiful hymn is read, or sing "Retirement" when the words are given out:

While Thee I seek, protecting power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better thoughts be filled.

The first impression upon hearing these choirs is certainly novel, and a temptation to smile, that even the oldest one of the Buffalo auditors could not resist, was offered the first time we enjoyed the experience. It was but a passing inclination, however, and personally we had a degree of curiosity to see if the sopranos could really carry through the fugue passage without a breath, which the music required. Our modern vocalists, with all their acquirements, could scarcely vie with these country vocalists in deep breathing or control

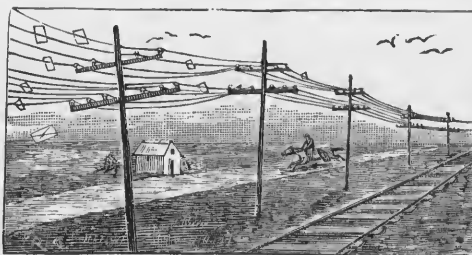
of breath, and our amusement speedily turned to respect when the opening anthem had a successful termination in a full, sustained "Amen." The old style music was, some of it, very good, musically speaking, and looking at it from a religious standpoint, it was much more devotional in character than the present. The ideas expressed in the words must have strongly influenced the composers, and there appears to be a desire to suit the music to the words, not the words to the music, and to preserve the devout sentiment. In reading, the inflexion of the voice has greatly to do with effect; in singing, it is the correct phrase that regulates this. Singing a line or verse such as—

When I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,

—first with subdued tone, and the last two lines with exultant and full voice, is a species of affectation that is always out of place in a church, besides being an imperfect interpretation of the musical phrase in many instances. A great many of the present adaptations are not fitted in any way to the hymns, and singing such lines as the above, *sotto voce*, does not remedy the error. It is also a question whether, in using the voice in reading, it is the best and purest style to attempt dramatic effect with words which in themselves express the idea with sufficient solemnity or joy. Take, for instance, the beautiful part of the litany beginning, "By Thine agony and bloody sweat." How many clergymen here allow their voices to sink in a sepulchral whisper, striving by vocal effect to give the words more impressively. The result is a failure, because the dramatic attempt is neither in character with the words nor with the thoughts aroused by the remembrance of that sacrificial scene. It is quite the same in singing, but the poor style of church music now permitted in our places of worship is almost dependent upon the *pianissimo* and *fortissimo* practices of singers who know nothing of the real depths of their art. In the anthem that we listened to recently there was certainly an effort made to follow in Handel's footsteps, and the music was not unpleasantly suggestive of the choruses and solos in the oratorios. Who would venture to call him old fashioned or smile at Bach for the very same musical extravagance? The attempt proved that these New England composers had no idea of employing any sentimental style in their musical expression of devotional words. It was certainly not because they were unfamiliar with many melodious ballads, for "Robin Adair" and its contemporaries were possibly more original household words than today, when there is such a variety to select from. It would have been sacrilege to them to have introduced such tunes into the worship, but our more advanced ideas not only permit this innovation, but rather court it, and so each year we lower the standard of church music.

A writer in one of the recent periodicals suggested the idea that presently the world would become satiated with the decorative mania in household surroundings and would seek the plain and unornamented with a sense of relief. The same can be said of the unworthy music used in such profusion to-day, for it too will fail to satisfy even those who scarcely know now that there is any other. It is partially this feeling that gives us such a thorough enjoyment of these country choirs, for the tunes seem to express the idea that the writers intended. An old-fashioned church and an old-fashioned choir are certainly restful, and as we sit staring into the great bunch of fragrant sweet peas which ornaments the table before the pulpit, we wonder if the new régime will produce any more refined, efficient or Christian generation than the past. The peacefulness which has affected us seems to brood over others, for we see that our neighbor is wiping a tear away as the choir sings the hymn, and it is a remembrance of the days long since gone by, we imagine, that has brought up the passing cloud. If music has in it a devotional quality which is distinctive, then such and such only is fit for use in the church. Every musician knows that it has and we have learned its power anew in New England, where even the advanced ideas and energetic powers of the West can be taught many needful lessons.—*Buffalo Courier*.

We make a standing offer to friends and foes alike of a reward of two hundred dollars to be paid to any one who will exhibit to us a Musical Magazine, no matter where published, equal in beauty and excellence to KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW. This offer is made in good faith and we hope all who see this paper will look around for a paper that will take this little prize.



CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON.

LONDON, ENGLAND, Sept. 6th, 1883.

At last the tour begins to near its end, and my thoughts turn to American shores and to the various concerts, operas, etc., etc., which are to make up the crowded season of 1883-4. I am certainly unspoiled by my European tour, for, with the exception of the performance of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth, I have heard nothing much better than we are in the habit of hearing in Boston, although the edifices of course were on a grander scale.

At Naples I was much impressed with the universality of music. Everyone sings, and almost everyone plays the guitar. The popular songs if they are never of a very deep character are at least never trashy, and have a great deal of melodic grace. Several of our own most popular songs are badly pilfered from the Neapolitans. For example the street song "Mary Ann I'll tell your Ma," is a bold plagiarism of "Nicolas," an old popular South Italian tune. The chief tune of Naples at present, is so swifty and dashing, that it will undoubtedly soon make its appearance in America, but it will require entirely new words, as its subject is entirely a local one, being merely a praise of the Railway up Vesuvius. It is entitled Funicoll-Funicola.

By the way, this song is closely connected with the history of Section A. of the Tourjée Educational Excursion. In Naples they all sang it but were baffled by the strange words attached, which are not Italian but Neapolitan. The happy thought at last struck the party that new words should be written and it should be made a "section song." There are so many of the party dwelling in St. Louis that I venture to incorporate the words into my letter.

"SONG OF SECTION A."

Behold the wild and jolly, Yankee party,
Of Section A,
We've gone through Europe with a pleasure hearty,
And made it pay,
We never envy any other section,
Where'er they be,
We've been on time and never missed connection,
By land or sea.

Chorus—

Bravo, Bravo, shout for section A,
Bravo, Bravo, forward on our way,
We go by night, we go by day,
We go by night, we go by day.
For we're the jolly travelers,
That go in Section A.

Vienna, Naples, Paris, Rome and London,
Were on our way,
And not a sight of merit was left undone,
By Section A,
We teased our leader with a thousand questions,
About the scenes;
At Brussels we all ruined our digestions,
By eating beans,

Chorus—

Bravo, Bravo, etc.

At Adelsberg they took us all for Indians,
Our Section A,
But very soon we altered their opinions,
By songs so gay,
At Venice, when the queen was serenaded,
We all were there,
And by our presence at the concert aided,
And did our share.

Chorus—

Bravo, Bravo, etc.

At Chamounix the mountain we ascended,
Our Section A,
With stately tread the mule procession wended,
The upward way,
But all too soon, we had to leave the land which
Had charmed us so.
As parting gift they gave us each a sandwich,
And let us go.

Chorus—

Bravo, Bravo, etc.

At Como, with delight the section tarried,
An extra day,
With boats and music on the lake were carried,
In princely way,
But 'twere in vain to speak of every pleasure,
That we have had,
The mem'ry of them in our hearts we treasure,
To make us glad,

Chorus—

Bravo, Bravo, shout for Section A, etc.

The festivities at Como, alluded to above, are worthy of record. The first evening a serenade was given to the party by a good sized brass band, whose only defect was a too energetic bass tuba player. This individual seemed to imagine that each number was a tuba solo, accompanied by brass band. There were also fireworks in profusion, and the American flag was hoisted with great enthusiasm. The next evening a barge was procured, on which were placed a piano, numerous Chinese lanterns, several native bottles of—medicine and several singers.

The leading numbers at the concert were assigned to Miss Roselia Curti, of Buenos Ayres, Signor G. B. Mella of Cadanabia and your correspondent. After each song, there was a discharge of fireworks from the neighboring boats which thronged the lake. The concert had its inconveniences however, for millions of insects were attracted by the glare, and explored the singers' larynxes, with true Italian familiarity.

Milan was musically dull, at this season, La Scala being closed and the other theaters offering no attractions.

I had an unexpected pleasure in making the acquaintance of a Viennese artist at the peak of the Elghi, in Switzerland. After I had reached the summit, a heavy and chilly fog set in, not only shutting off the grand view, but making the open grate fire of the parlor very comfortable. From the music room came the tones of one of Liszt's Rhapsodies. Entering, I found a young lady sitting alone at the instrument. The freemasonry of art, rendered an introduction unnecessary, and Chopin, Rubinstein, Grieg and Liszt were discoursed from the piano in turn, and finally also some of the compositions of the pianiste, which I found dainty, elegant and well rounded. Her name was Gisele Lorinser, not yet a famous one, but with youth, enthusiasm and talent (possibly genius) in its favor, it may yet become so.

In Geneva I heard the perfection of mechanical music in some of the large orchestrons of that city, but at the very best these can only satisfy an immature taste in music; possibly only the young misses who say "How nice! is it not splendid?" alike to a Strauss Waltz and a Beethoven Sonata.

In Paris there was considerable going on in musical circles. The novelty and success of the present in the French metropolis is the light opera "Mamzelle Nitouche" with Judie in the title role. Such an innocence and naïveté as she displays! She adopts precisely the opposite course from Mlle. Schneider who made everything seem wicked. Judie's method lends an added pliancy to some of the jokes which are on the border line. What a pity however, that all the pretty French singers grow so fat! Judie begins to go the same road that Aimée and Paola Marié went before her, and at the grand opera, with Mlle. Krauss it is the same. Krauss is by no means what I should call a grand artiste, and in *Marguerite* in "Faust" her proportions make the rôle somewhat ridiculous. Nilsson was also in Paris during my short stay, and sang at a fête given for charitable purposes.

In London all the sections of the Tourjée party were united. We have just had the grand parting which was not without sadness. In such a trip the persons composing a party are welded closer together than by any other process. They have been strangers in a strange land together, they have enjoyed pleasures and endured a few privations together. What stronger claim to sympathy can there be? Therefore it is with real earnestness that I close my letter with a cordial greeting to the St. Louis members, and beg them not to forget

COMES.

WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 17, 1883.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—A few days ago, while I was standing on Penn Ave, listening to the Marine band playing one of Sousa's new marches, a friend slapped me on the back and said: "There, Jack, is something you have never seen before and will probably never see again." I looked in the direction indicated, but seeing nothing out of the usual order, asked him to be more conspicuous. He thereupon pointed out a darky hurrying down the Avenue and said: "You never before saw a brass band going in one direction and a darky in the opposite." And it was indeed a novel sight. Anything in the shape of music will draw a swarm of darkies of all ages, sexes, sizes and shapes, who seem to have nothing on earth to do except to follow bands—if they have they don't do it. They escort a band in a gait between a walk and a skip, sometimes in front admiring the drum major, and then again lagging behind with *le petit tambour* or drum minor.

The Knights of the burnt cork have taken possession of this town during the past month. I told you of Armstrong's new company in my last. They were succeeded by Barlow & Wilson's company and last week Thatcher, Primrose & West's company held the boards at Ford's opera house. This is really a great company, their singing is superb; the best I have ever heard in a similar organization, with the exception perhaps of Hague's party which was brought over from England two years ago. O'Keefe, the barytone who was with Hague then, is now with Thatcher. He has a full round sympathetic voice and sings with marked expression. Frank Howard, one of the best minstrel tenors in the country is also with them. Their selections were of a high order and formed a better test of their actual capabilities than the ordinary ballad singing. The end men, twelve in number, include Geo. Thatcher, Cal. Rankin, Billy Rice and others equally well known. Their specialties are immense and they never fail to entertain and amuse. The best indication of that is the fact that they had packed houses throughout the week, notwithstanding very bad weather, and I have spoken to dozens of people who went three and four times to hear them. Mr. West, who is the man that looks after the duets, all the time he is not on the boards, told me that his party would be in St. Louis in about two months. You must hunt him up as he is an excellently good fellow and thoroughly posted in his business.

The dramatic season opened very mildly, with Ada Gray in "East Lynne." I have often wondered how a manager can have the temerity to put such an actress before the public and expect her to be patronized. If other cities would follow suit and give them the cold shoulder as Washington did Miss Gray last week, the profession would soon be purged of this chaff who splurge through the country as "stars" when they should be relegated to second or third places in stock companies until they learn at least the rudiments of the profession.

Local musical matters are still at a standstill but it is more than likely that by the middle of next month the operatic association and the orchestra will be hard at work again. It is rumored that the quintette which two years ago gave a series of excellent concerts of chamber music, but which suspended operations for want of encouragement, is to be revived for another attempt to popularize this delightful class of music. I sincerely trust that these gentlemen will be successful and receive the patronage they deserve.

Since the publication in your paper of the score of the game played here between the Review nine and a select nine of the N.Y. *Hurdy-Gurdies*, President Arthur, who umpired that game has been suggested as candidate for league umpire in the new association—it will be pleasant and profitable recreation for him at the expiration of his present term of office.

Appropos of choir experiences, I heard a very good thing on a choir in Uniontown, Pa. It was at one of the old fashioned Methodist churches. New blood came into the congregation and at once raised an objection to the hymns being sung without any accompaniment, and it was proposed to put a bass viol and a violin in the choir loft to sustain the voices.

This was vigorously opposed by the clergyman and some of his deacons, but notwithstanding their opposition the measure was carried. On the first Sunday on which the auxiliaries put in their appearance, the minister revenged himself by announcing the first hymn as follows: "The choir will fiddle and sing the 203 hymn." That settled it—the irritators of the cat-gut retired in disorder, amid the snickering of the assembled sinners and there was no further attempt to tinker with the singing until some of the ungodly purchased a hurdy-gurdy, yecept a cabinet organ, and placed it in the gallery.

Speaking of bass viol reminds me of my first experience with that noble instrument. During my first year in college I had a room on the first floor of a large dormitory—two windows on an air shaft that served to ventilate the entire wing of the building. I had been advised to learn to play on the double bass and join the orchestra. So I borrowed the bass belonging to the band and carried it to my room one evening with the object of seeing how the old thing would work. Being busy during the evening I could not give the bass any attention until towards midnight. As everything was perfectly quiet, with nothing to interrupt me, I took some solid comfort in familiar tunes such as "Mollie Darling," "Silver threads among the gold" and "sich" like. If you have ever tried to "pick out" tunes on an instrument on which you don't know the notes, you may have found the effect is sometimes heartrending. I was pleased however with the full, sonorous tones of the instrument and soon found that by standing it in the middle of the floor, and applying the bow with a vigorous motion of the radius, everything in the room, even my chum's false teeth, would rattle. This was first rate fun for a little while, but the air shaft acted as a sounding board, and before a great while I heard cries of "Dry up freshie," "Give us a rest," and other remarks of like purport which showed that my efforts to entertain were not appreciated, then followed an ominous silence, like the calm that precedes the storm. Mistaking this silence for resignation, I renewed my exercise with increased vigor and was just fishing for the high note in "Auld Lang Syne" when there came a crash that made me believe the roof was dropping, that perhaps I had struck the key note of the building and that it was now tottering and would of course cave in. I stood not on the manner of my going, but went at once; nor did I cease going until I reached a point of safety which also afforded a good view of the catastrophe. But the building fell not, neither did it totter. After carefully reconnoitering the situation, I ventured to my room—all was quiet enough, but it looked different. There was not a sound pane of glass in the place, and the floor, chairs, sofa and table were covered with coal. The fiends upstairs, who had no music in their souls, had thrown their coal boxes down the air shaft. *Verbum sat sapienti.* I took the hint and lost no time in lugging the bull-fiddle back to the orchestra rooms, where all subsequent practicing was done. But don't you think I bore up bravely under very adverse and discouraging circumstances?

I hope in my next to be able to return to the legitimate branch of this correspondence. The next time you want a letter on short notice, make the notice sufficiently short to give a fellow a chance to hnt up the authorities. S II. J.

CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 17, 1883.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—The colleges and conservatories have opened, our musicians are at home, societies organizing, the music houses are receiving large stocks so we are about ready for the fall campaign.

Alex Haig has charge of the music at the Grand and Robinson's this season. Pleasing and popular music will prevail under his baton. Carrier's band is pleasing the audiences that attend the Exposition. The standard of music is high, while the popular taste is not neglected by this painstaking leader. Michael Brand and the members of his orchestra returned Thursday from New York after their successful summer engagement at Coney Island. Mr. T. J. Sullivan, our noted basso, will sing in concert at Lexington on the 28th. A treat is assured the Lexington public.

Smith & Nixon's Hall after this season, will be converted into stores.

C. A. Daniel, formerly editor of *Musical People*, succeeds the late Julius Williams as salesman of the Chase Piano Company. Miss Mary How, has left for Boston to resume her choir position. She will be the contralto of a concert company organized by Chas R. Adams.

The Avondale choral society will soon meet and rehearse for one of the concerts with which they are wont to please the people of that suburban town.

The members of St. Paul's Episcopal Church choir will resume their places next Sunday. Miss Amelia Groll of Cleveland is at the College of Music completing her studies. Miss Groll is considered one of the best of Cleveland's sopranos.

Will Hays the popular composer is singing at the Louisville Exposition. His last effort was a melody entitled "She Sleeps." Liberti played the cornet *obligato*. The music was written in memory of a Cincinnati lady. Professor Andre is starting in with a large number of pupils. As he has the pick of the talent in this vicinity, his pupils are of the more advanced grade. Miss Cranch has returned to the city and resumed her vocal classes at the Cincinnati Music School. This school has by earnest conscientious work earned a most enviable position in our midst and now has a large class.

H. G. Andrews of our city, and Mr. Fred Archer of New York will preside at the Organ during the Exposition. F. N. Crouch the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen" has published through one of our local music houses a new ballad entitled "Bill." It sings of the English farmer lad and is written in good style. This is the best song Mr. Crouch has written for a number of years.

Mr. Erasmus Gest of this city has given to the college of music \$100, as a prize for the best original musical composition. The composition will be performed at the Examinations in June, 1884.

Messrs. Geo. D. Newhall & Co., have a miniature piece of music that they have issued as a souvenir of the Eleventh Exposition. It is quite a pretty waltz entitled "My Favorite." It measures three by four and a half inches—very cute.

Miss Clara Bernetta (Bernstein) has gone east to occupy a very lucrative position.

Miss Fannie Rathburn one of Professor Nembach's best piano pupils leaves next month for Europe to remain three years to continue her studies so well commenced under her accomplished instructor here.

Professor Armin W. Doerner who has been associated with the College of Music since its organization has renewed his contract for three years. The College begins its session on the 20th with a larger number of pupils enrolled than ever before. The celebrated Leipzig professor, Heinrich Schradieck has been engaged by the college.

Business is good. Our 11th exposition is a success. Best wishes for the success of your fair. CAMELOT.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Sept. 15, 1883.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—Just returned from my summer trip, I again resume the pleasant task of contributing my little mite to the REVIEW. I stopped a week at Davenport, Ia., and was pleasantly entertained by Prof. Theo. Cramer, the popular piano teacher and director of the "Harmonie Gesangverein" and other organizations, and Prof. Strasser, the orchestra leader; also met Prof. Brunlich and A. Jacobka, the latter leader of the military band. Music is quite lively in this city. Rock Island and Moline, and troupes like Emma Abbott's, Fay Templeton's and others, did well during my stay there. Prof. Cramer is a fine pianist and excellent musician, an admirer of Chopin, Rubinstein and especially Wagner.

Chicago is getting ready for a great season and in all branches of music and drama, managers endeavor to beat each other. Of concerts in the near future, I mention the Trio Solrés to be given at Weber Hall by Mme. De Horvath, pianist, Prof. Seifert, violinist, and Emil Winkler, cellist. Works by Gade, Haydn and Mozart will be rendered. S. G. Pratt (of "Zenobia" fame) is arranging for a grand concert for the benefit of the Little fund (for a monument) assisted by Chas Knorr, Miss Medora Henson, the Harmonia and the St Cecilia Quartette. It is reported that Miss Dora Hemmings will also contribute. The Slayton Lyceum Bureau has also many attractions for the coming season. J. Allen Whyte, formerly manager of the Little Concert Troupe has been admitted to a partnership and tells me, that Clara Louise Kellogg, the Seifert Trio and other well-known people will be under the management of this bureau. Geo. Broderick (the baritone) and wife nee Mabella Baker, have returned from England and will travel under the auspices of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau. The Church Choir Company under the baton of Mr. Ben. Owen, has made two trips into the suburbs with "Iolanthe." The "Chicago Ideals" (Wm. Davis) are giving "Iolanthe," "Sorcerer" and "Huafore" in the west—Kansas City, and intend going to Arkansas and other out of the way countries. We are not selfish here and do not begrudge this pleasure to the western rural!—Next Sunday, Mr. J. C. Duff begins an engagement at the Grand Opera House probably with "Faust." Miss Amy Fay, has been invited to give piano conversations, in different cities. Prof. Tomlin's children's chorus has taken such dimensions (nearly 1000) that he will give no private lessons during the winter. The Chicago Exposition is in full blast, the orchestra under Prof. Ad. Liesegang is excellent and Mr. Austin, solo cornet, is winning quite a reputation. The building is crowded nightly, and last evening nearly 10,000 people were present. The following piano and music houses are represented: Julius Bauer & Co., who exhibit some fine specimens of Chicago-made uprights; Knabe, (Reed & Son's) Chickering (J. C. Whitney) Steck, (Branch) and Sohmer, (Dullinger & Steger) also the Mason and Hamelin Organ Co.; and Howard Foote (N.Y.) musical instruments. Geo. Schleiffarth, the pianist and well-known composer, (with Julius Bauer) renders some selections every evening during the Exposition, and his "Careless Elegance" (Quickstep) is again a favorite, as in former years. Teachers are coming home from their trips to resume their labors with renewed strength. John Skelton the solo cornetist and Miss Nellie Bangs (the pianist) will be made "one" Sept. 25th. John has been leading the Centenary Methodist Sunday School with his little horn. (Is this a reminder of the judgment day and Gabriel's toot-horn?) We should judge so!—"Fly Fast, fair Dove" a new waltz-song which the authors (Harry B. Smith and Geo Schleiffarth) claim to be their best will soon be out. It is dedicated to Miss Carrie Kelly, a very musical young lady of Aurora, Ill. In my next I shall endeavor to report on the doings of our musical societies: Beethoven, Mozart, Apollo, etc. The theatres are all doing a good business. Trade outlook is flattering and our music dealers anticipate a big fall and winter trade. More in my next. LAKE SHORE.

BOOK NOTICES.

PETERS' NEW MUSIC PRIMER AND COPY BOOK, compiled by Ch. Kunkel, St. Louis: J. L. Peters. The idea upon which this work is based is that pupils should be made to put into practical use what has just been taught theoretically, by writing, after each lesson, exercises which involve the application of the theoretical teaching just given. To this end, each lesson is provided with staves on which to write exercises, which are fully indicated. The idea is not new, but it is excellent, and it is carried out more systematically in this book than in any other we have seen. The typography of the work is very good and, an important thing in a work of this sort, it is printed on excellent paper.

THOSE PRETTY ST. GEORGE GIRLS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. This is "a society novel" and more interesting than works of that class usually are. The book is certainly harmless—so are the characters in the story which entirely lacks the dramatic element. This will however commend it to the young ladies who generally "see no sense in writing stories that make you miserable." The authoress is sometimes careless in the use of words—as where she writes (page 23) "Fane and Trevor were the modern prototypes of David and Jonathan"—a chronological impossibility, something like being a twin brother of one's great-grandfather. Such mistakes are rare however, and upon the whole the style of the authoress is lucid and rather elegant.

THE GIRL IN SCARLET; from the French of Emile Zola, by John Stirling, Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. This is one of the least objectionable of Zola's works. It deals in a realistic fashion with the events which occurred at the establishment of the second empire—the one whose beginning was treason and whose end was Sedan. The author introduces us to more than one despicable character, but he has not gilded vice nor idealized crime. The book is well written but it will not suit young ladies so well as "Those Pretty St. George Girls" (to which it is however vastly superior as literature) not only because it paints many a dark shadow but also because it presupposes a certain acquaintance with recent history which very few of them indeed possess. The work of the translator has been well executed.

TREATISE ON CHORAL SINGING, by Dr. Franz Wuelner, English copyright edition by Albert Spengel. Dresden: Carl Tittmann; New York, G. Schirmer. This work was correctly named in the German edition, "Choruebung." Its English title is misleading, for it is not a treatise at all, but simply a book of choral instruction and exercises. It is a meritorious work, clear and systematic. Mr. Spengel, the translator, has not always made English out of the German text. He ought to have had his work revised by some one better acquainted with English idioms than he seems to be.

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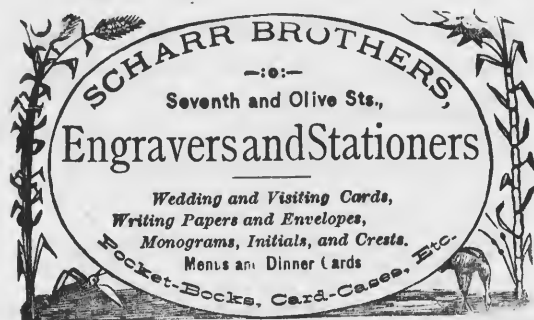


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MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

THE dullness of the dog-days still hangs over St. Louis' musical interests—there are notes of preparations, but that is all. The Henry Shaw society's male chorus, gave a concert at the Pickwick which we did not attend because tickets were not sent us, and they were not sent because its director labors under the hallucination that the REVIEW is personally inimical to him—a mild form of insanity which had its origin in the fact that we criticised his *tempi* when his society gave "St. Paul" last winter. The principal number of the concert, we were informed was a harmonized version of "Suwanee River" or "Old Folks at Home," which was raptuously received by an audience made up exclusively of lovers of classical music. The Shaw Society will continue its labors during the coming winter.

THE St. Louis Choral Society, under the efficient directorship of Mr. Otten, proposes to continue the good work of former seasons. The success that has crowned its former efforts is a pledge of continued usefulness in its chosen field. The society deserves and we trust will obtain a very hearty support from our music-loving population. The Society has in rehearsal Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise."

IN the way of orchestral concerts, the St. Louis Musical Union will undoubtedly give us a series of concerts of which the city can be proud and the Philharmonic Quintette Club will continue its subscription concerts. All these organizations, together with the operatic troupes which are to visit us and the benefit and other concerts which are inevitable will furnish St. Louis with a full supply of music, when, once the season opens, but that will not be until some time after the fair.

HAVERLY'S MASTODON MINSTRELS occupied the boards at the Olympic Theatre during the first week in September, playing to good houses. They give a good entertainment, entirely free from vulgarity. They have a good orchestra ably handled by Mr. A. F. Herwig and a fair singing party which is soon to be strengthened by fresh arrivals from England. We had the pleasure of being present at two or three rehearsals and were much pleased at the common-sense way in which Mr. Gulick, the manager of the troupe, superintended them. In this he was ably assisted by Mr. A. C. Comstock, the stage manager, who, by the way, is a musician of considerable acquirements. The troupe, while here, added to its repertoire "Tick-tack, Cuckoo, Tick-tack!" which was given for the first time at the Saturday performances. Our readers will find the song elsewhere in this number.

A NEW musical enterprise is being put on foot by Mr. Charles Kunkel, assisted by an organization of twenty picked singers. He proposes to give an extended series of concerts to be known as "Kunkel's Popular Concerts." The singing force will be kept strictly down to twenty and none but singers of acknowledged ability will be admitted. The members of the organization are: *Sopranos*—Miss Branson, Miss Cowen, Miss Fiesh, Mrs. Hart and Mrs. Laitey; *Contraltos*—Mrs. Blachley, Mrs. Bollman, nee Pauline Schuler, and Misses Cowen, Kilpatrick, and Laels; *Tenors*—Messrs. Becker, Otto Bollman, Cooper, Farnham and Keisker; *Basses*—Messrs. Oscar Bollman, Elwanger, Porteous, Saler and Wiseman. At the first general meeting, the society, at the suggestion of Mrs. Laitey, adopted the name of "St. Louis Handel and Haydn Society." Rehearsals have begun, and give promise of first-class results. Mr. Kunkel had intended to open the season with Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, but, hearing that the St. Louis Choral Society had it in rehearsal, abandoned the idea. Two or three numbers from this great work will however be given at the first concert.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

MR. COLBY of the *American Art Journal* called at the office of the REVIEW recently, looking well and reporting continued success for his paper.

THE *Musical Record*, published by Oliver Ditson & Co., ceased to appear as a weekly with the last number of September. It will be continued as a monthly "much enlarged and improved" beginning with November 1st. We wish the *Record* success in its new move.

MR. E. BOULANGER, with N. Lebrun, the inventor of the "Duplex Drum" is a happy father once more. It is not a boy, it is not a girl it is (or it are) another sort of "duplex," in other words, twins. We congratulate, of course, and are happy to say that the father is able to be about and is quite out of danger.

J. A. KIESELHORST, the live agent for the Miller piano, has removed from Laclede Ave., to 1111 Olive street, a much more central location. We shall not say that we wish him success, for a wish implies a doubt, which does not exist in this case, but we will say that we shall be glad to hear of his increased success.

MISS PAULINE SCHULER, the favorite contralto, and Mr. Oscar H. Bollman, senior member of the firm of O. H. Bollman & Bro., were united in marriage at the Pilgrim Congregational Church on the 20th ult. As we are wearing our old shoes, for reasons of comfort as well as economy, we did not throw them after the newly-wedded pair, but if our best wishes count for anything, their union will be both long and happy.

MR. ADAM SHATTINGER, at No. 10 South Fifth St., has superseded Merkel and Sons as agent in St. Louis for the Kranich and Bach pianos. These instruments are really first-class and yet sold at very moderate price. It affords us pleasure to know that they have at last obtained a representative who will energetically push their claims to public favor in St. Louis and vicinity. A complete stock of these fine instruments will always be found in Mr. Shattinger's warerooms.

GIVE the miser a knowledge of mathematics, and he will cipher more.

SUNDAY school teacher (about to commence on St. Paul's conduct of men and women during divine service.) "Now, do you know why women do not take off their bonnets in church?" Small boy—"Cos they ain't got looking-glasses to put 'em on by."

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LONGFELLOW'S AUTOBIOGRAPHIC LYRICS.

Of all forms of poetry the lyric is pre-eminently the one which should rest upon what has been called the 'autobiographic basis,' and almost every one of Longfellow's lyrics has this characteristic. The autobiographic basis, however, is of two kinds, personal and local. The personal is seen when the lyric has its origin in some deep-rooted emotion in the poet's breast—love, disappointment, jealousy, anger; the local basis is when the lyric is the expression of the poet's emotional relationship to some merely local interest—a view, a house, or even a person.

In many cases it is difficult to draw the line between the two, but when the distinction can be clearly made there is no doubt that the former is the higher and greater kind of poetic inspiration; its interest is common to all men, and not half universal and half logical.

A glance through the index of Longfellow's collected works shows that the autobiographic basis of the majority of his lyrics is the local one. "To the River Charles," "The Belfry of Bruges," "The Arsenal at Springfield," "The Lighthouse," "The Fire of Driftwood," "The Herons of Elmwood," "The Bridge"—these are specimens of the subjects that attracted his pen.

Some concrete interest is necessary to call forth the sympathy of the less cultivated reader, the man who is accustomed to have each of his thoughts linked to a fact, and hence the welcome which these lyrics have received from those who form the majority of our society. They exhibit no sudden transport when a poetical idea reveals itself; none of the insight of great passion; little of the suggestion of an original view.

Given a man of healthy temperament, of tender heart, of much cultivation, with a genuine poetic faculty, whose life has been passed in circumstances of comfort and uneventful privacy, and these are just the lyrics that he would naturally write. This is not saying so little as might at first appear, for such a coincidence of men and circumstances is rare in our time. And though there is much of Longfellow's lyrical poetry that is commonplace enough, there is not wanting some that belongs to a high order of verse.—*Fortnightly Review, London.*

FREDERICK HYMEN COWEN.

It is now definitely settled that F. H. Cowen, the English composer, is coming to this country to superintend the production of some of his larger works, and a brief sketch may not be out of place at this time.

Mr. Cowen was born of English parents, at Kingston, Jamaica, on January 29, 1852, and is therefore in his thirty-second year. At the age of four he was taken by his parents to the "tight little isle." He very early exhibited unusual musical talents which his parents were wise enough to have cultivated. His first tutors in music were Sir John Goss and Sir Julius Benedict. In 1865 he went to Germany and studied in Leipsic, and Berlin, and at a subsequent stage of his career he spent some time in Italy, so that he has had the experience of various schools of music. "The Rose Maiden" is the earliest of Mr. Cowen's cantatas, and it makes no pretensions to being anything more than light and pretty in style. It was written in 1870, when Mr. Cowen was only sixteen years of age. In 1871 he composed the incidental music to Schiller's "Maid of Orleans." In 1872 he wrote his symphony in F, which was produced at the Crystal Palace concerts in the following year, and an overture for the Norwich Festival. In 1876 he wrote for the Birmingham festival his cantata, "The Corsair," which is accepted as one of the best of his choral works. In the same year he composed an opera, "Pauline," which, however, proved a failure, owing probably to the fact that he did not write up to the standard of his own ability, but attempted to suit what he erroneously considered was the public taste. In "The Scandinavian Symphony," which has been played with success in the principal cities of Europe, and in some cities of the United States, he made an immense advance on his previous compositions, and it has been generally accepted as one of the best representative orchestral works of the present day. His attention is now occupied in writing an Italian opera, of which great things are expected.

In England Mr. Cowen is recognized as a "coming man" in music, and it is believed that his celebrity is yet in its infancy. In this country Mr. Cowen is known almost entirely by his songs, which are certainly clever, but not great.

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UGHT young children to begin upon small-sized violins? All makers say "Yes;" naturally, for they supply the new violins of all sizes. But I emphatically say "No." The sooner the child gets accustomed to the right violin the better; the small violins merely present him with a series of wrong distances, which he has successively to unlearn. It is bad enough if in after years he learns the violoncello or tenor. Few violinists survive that ordeal, and most people who take to the tenor or 'cello after playing the violin keep to it. Either they have not been successful on the violin, or they hope to become so on the larger, though less brilliant, relation, but they have a perfectly true instinct that it is difficult to excel on both, because of the intervals. Yet in the face of this you put a series of violins of different sizes into the pupil's hand on the ground that, as his hand enlarges with years, the enlarged key board will suit his fingers better; but that is not the way the brain works—the brain learns intervals. It does not bother itself about the size of the fingers that have got to stretch them. A child of even seven or eight can stretch all the ordinary intervals on a full-sized violin finger board. He may not be able to hold the violin to his chin, but he can learn his scales and pick out tunes, sitting on a stool and holding his instrument like a violoncello. Before the age of eight I found no difficulty in doing this. But the greater the difficulty the better the practice. The tendons cannot be too much stretched, short of spraining and breaking. Mere acting is to be made no account of; the muscles can hardly be too much worked. A child will soon gain surprising agility, even on a large finger board. Avoid the hateful figured slip of paper that used to be pasted on violin finger boards in my youth, with round dots for the fingers. I remember tearing mine off in a fit of uncontrollable irritation. I found it very difficult, with the use of my eyes, to put my fingers on the dots, and even the note was not in tune, for of course the dot might be covered in a dozen ways by the finger tips, and a hair's breadth one way or the other would vary the note. But the principle is vicious. A violin player's eyes have no more business with his fingers than a billiard player's eyes have with his cue. He looks at the ball; and the musician, if he looks at anything, should look at the notes, or at his audience, or he can shut his eyes if he likes. It is his ears, not his eyes, that have to do with his fingers.—Rev. W. H. HAWES, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE ORGAN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



"I WAS weary with wandering," says Irving, and sat down to rest myself by a monument. The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion, and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around, gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place:

For in silent grave no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel—nothing's heard,
For nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust and endless darkness.

Suddenly the notes of the deep laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with double and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal! And how they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound—and now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences, what solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile and seems to jar the very walls—the ear is stunned—the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to heaven—the very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!"

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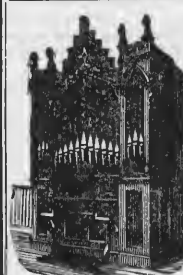
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JUST after his return to this country from his first trip to South America, Gottschalk found himself penniless in New York. Taking three of his compositions under his arm, the poor young artist called upon Firth, then the leading publisher of the city, and offered him the manuscripts of the compositions which afterwards became famous under the titles of "Last Hope," "Marche de Nuit" and "La Bachannelle." Old Mr. Firth was polite in the extreme, but could not think of publishing the compositions of an unknown author, much less of paying for them. This reception was of so discouraging a nature that he would gladly have abandoned, for the time being, the attempt of selling his compositions; but necessity stared him in the face and, with a despondent heart, he trudged along in his well-worn clothes until he came to the place of business of Hall and Son. Here again he played the three compositions over. When he heard Mr. Hall begin by telling him he thought they were very fine, but that he could not afford to pay him a proper price for them, he began to think that Hall's answer would be the same as Firth's. "I'll tell you what I'll do," continued Mr. Hall, "I'll give you thirty dollars each for the three, ninety dollars in all." The offer was promptly and gratefully accepted; to Gottschalk, under the circumstances, it was a godsend; it meant a new suit of clothes, which he badly needed, and money to pay his board for a few weeks at least. Some days before that a friend of Gottschalk's had, without his knowledge, written to Mr. Jonas Chickering, the founder of the famous piano house, telling him of the straits of the young artist, and asking him whether he could not do something for him. When Gottschalk returned to his room, tired, but happy over his ninety dollars, he found a letter with the Boston post-mark. Inclosed was an accepted draft for one hundred and fifty dollars with this laconic communication:

MR. L. M. GOTTSCHALK,
Dear Sir:—Please accept the inclosed draft with my compliments and ask no questions. Yours Respectfully,
JONAS CHICKERING.

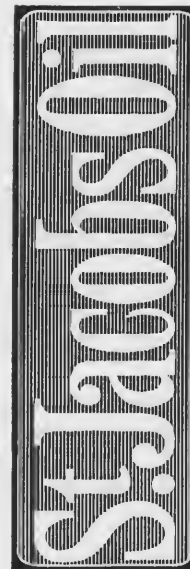
As Longfellow has said: "The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide," and soon the stranded artist was riding high upon the waves of public favor. Once again he was in New York, this time the famous Gottschalk. A note from the rapidly rising house of Steinway, then doing business on Walker street, requested him to call upon them. Mr. John Seltzer who had accompanied Gottschalk as violinist in an extended concert tour and who for many years afterwards was a dealer in musical instruments in Columbus, Ohio, was shown the note by his friend the *virtuoso*, who stated he was not acquainted with any of the Steinways. Mr. Seltzer knew them all and offered to accompany the artist and introduce him. Together they called on the Steinways and found Henry Steinway at work in the ware-room, tuning a piano. Mr. Steinway opened the conversation by complimenting the artist upon his genius, and said he desired to make arrangements with him to play their pianos. He thought he could offer him more liberal inducements than any other house. "Stop, right here, Mr. Steinway," said Gottschalk, "no money consideration you could offer would induce me to play your piano in my concerts so long as Mr. Chickering makes a piano that meets my demands. When my toes and my elbows were out, here in New York, Mr. Jonas Chickering, a gentleman whom I had never met, came to my assistance, and I shall not forget it so long as I live." Then, he went on and related the facts we have already given above (and which we have reported as they were stated to us by Mr. Seltzer, the only survivor of the trio present at that conversation) and wound up by repeating again: "So long as Chickering makes a piano that meets my demands, I shall use none other in public; and" he added "so long as I write a note the Messrs. Hall shall be my publishers, if they wish." Gottschalk was more than a musician, he was a gentleman, and in spite of the most tempting offers from rival houses, he kept faith with himself and with those who had succored him in his hour of need, till the day of his death.

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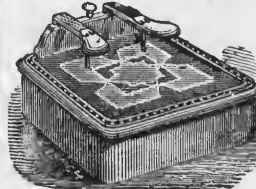
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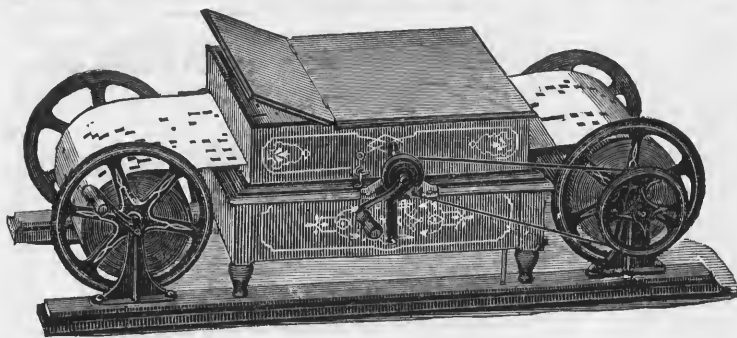
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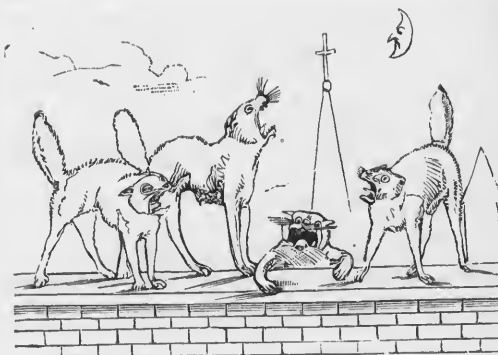
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It is sad to think that a forger may be a writeous man.

WHEN is a young girl like a music book? When she is full of airs.

A SINGER should not live in a glass house, since he throws tones.

AND now Lady Godiva is said to be a myth—a bare falsehood, as it were.

SOME one inquires, "Where have all the ladies' belts gone?" Gone to waists long ago.

ACTORS should be watched closely on election day. They are professional repeaters.

THE man who delivers a declamation through the telephone is a hello-cutionist?

COULD the pitcher of a base ball team be spoken of as "the power behind the throw?"

FERRANTI has dedicated a waltz he has composed to his dog! It should have been a bark-aroie.

THE modern martyr who suffers at the steak is the chap who lives at the cheap boarding-house.

"NINE o'clock!" said madame, looking at her watch, "I must begin to undress for the ball."

A PLAIN woman, away from the piano is often preferred to a playing woman sitting at that fearful instrument.

ORGANISTS must be careful. A man was recently fined in a police court of Chicago for pedaling without a license.

A MAN in Rochester has such a cracked voice that he rarely says anything without breaking his word.—*Post Express*.

LITTLE GERTIE (after waiting some time for dessert)—"Uncle, don't you have anything after dinner?" Uncle—"Yes, dear; the dyspepsia."

THERE's been considerable talk lately about "royalty on barbed wire." All that we can say is that royalty must feel mighty uncomfortable.

ORAL INSTRUCTION.—Auntie—"Well, Charley, what have you been doing to-day in school?" Small boy—"Oh, nothing much. Teacher's been gabbin'."

LIFE consists of cutting teeth in childhood, of the pangs of unrequited love in youth, of dyspepsia in manhood, and of a fear of death in old age.

"WHEN you are in Rome, you must do as Romans do," as the American tramp said when he squatted on the steps of a cathedral in the Eternal City, and held out his hat.

CONUNDRUMS.—Why have you a right to pick an artist's pocket? Because he has piet-ures. Why cannot a pantomimist entertain nine Dutchman? Because he can ges-tickle-ate.

A GEORGIA woman wasn't hurt a bit in the railroad collision, but she wants \$3,000 for the manner in which she was obliged to turn a somersault in the presence of eighteen horrid men.

"EVERYBODY is looking at Rhode Island," remarks the editor of the Providence *Dispatch* in the course of an editorial on "The Duty of the Hour." This explains the recent advance in the price of microscopes.

ICE cream is now made from kaolin, a white clay, sweetened with glucose and flavored with chemicals, and yet notwithstanding all this extra trouble, it is sold at the same price as the old-fashioned kind.—*Philadelphia News*.

LAWYER C. (entering the office of his friend, Dr. M., and speaking in a hoarse whisper)—"Fred, I've got such a cold this morning that I can't speak the truth." Dr. M.—"Well, I'm glad that it's nothing that will interfere with your business."

A GERMAN paper had occasion to use the number "125,000," and wishing to put it in letters instead of figures, the following was the result: "Einmalhundertfünfundzwanzigtausend." (The compositor will please put it in figures hereafter!)

SEEING that the fire was getting low during the performance of a long concert piece, in a chilly parlor, a gentleman asked his neighbor, in a whisper, how he should stir the fire without interrupting the music. "Between the bars," was the reply.

AT an evening party lately a fine fellow, but one who likes to talk about himself a great deal, was interrupted in a conversation. At the moment of renewing the story he asked: "What was I saying?" A witty lady immediately replied, "You were saying 'I'!"

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THERE is a certain clergyman who is noted for his long sermons. One Sunday, when he had reached his "nineteenthly," he stopped a moment, and after taking breath, he asked: "What shall I say more?" "say 'amen!'" responded a voice from the choir.

BOATSWAIN of an ocean steamer to seaman who seems to be hunting for something: "Well, what are you looking for?" "For a pail?" "What do you want with a pail?" "I want to wash my face," "Oh, open your mouth, and you won't have any face to wash?"

A VIOLINIST on a Nevada stage was anxiously turning one of the keys of his violin backward and forward, but it did not suit him. He turned it over and over again, while the audience impatiently waited, until a voice came from the gallery: "Chonny, yoost hit der bung."

A SENSITIVE plant (Herr Pumpernickle, having just played a composition of his own, burst into tears.)—Chorus of his friends—"Oh, what is the matter? What can we do for you?" Herr Pumpernickle—"Ach! Nossing! Bot ven I hear really coot music, zen must I always weep."

"Do you see here where you are charged, sir, with being drunk and disorderly?" observed the recorder, holding out the affidavit just signed and sworn to by the policeman. The tramp took the affidavit and read it carefully, upside down, and replied: "Am I to blame? I never wrote that."

"WHERE'S your father?" "Drunk." "That's bad. Where is your mother?" "Got the chills." "Who is that out at the well?" "Sis." "Is she married?" "No, but she would have been if it hadn't been for the chills." "How did the chills keep her from marrying?" "Case she tuck a chill an' shook the feller what come to see her."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

A BACHELOR and a spinster, who had been schoolmates in youth, and were about the same age, met in after years, and the lady, chancing to remark that "men live a great deal faster than women," the bachelor replied: "Yes, Maria; the last time we met we were each twenty-four years old; now I'm over forty, and you haven't reached thirty yet." They never met again.

A PITTSBURG girl who had refused a good-looking telegraph repairer man three times within six months, gave as a reason that he was too much of a wanderer; that he roamed from pole to pole, from one climb to another, and if he did come he'd be insulate, that the neighbors would be sure to talk.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

AN English military band had a leader with his own interpretation of the Italian marks of expression on the music. One day he shouted to one of his musicians: "You have a little bit of a solo there; shove it out?" The individual thus addressed answered in a low tone, "My part is marked 'pp,' Mr. O'Rourke." "To be sure," answered O'Rourke, "'pp' means 'purty powerful!'"

"I LOVE dancing," said a Penobscot ferry boatman, looking out from the wheelhouse upon a party breathing a measure upon the deck the other day. "Why don't you come out and indulge, then?" asked a man outside. "Well," replied the other, my head and heart go with it, but my feet belong by nature to the church."

A BAKER, whose loaves had been growing "small by degrees and beautifully less," when going his round to serve his customers, stopped at the door of one and knocked, when the lady within exclaimed, "Who's there?" and was answered, "The baker." "What do you want?" "To leave your bread," "Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it—put it through the key-hole," was her reply.

"I HEARD Mr. Dunday speak of you yesterday in terms of panegyric encomium," remarked the high school girl to her dearest friend. "And what did you say?" "I coincided with his laudations." "Well, I always thought you were a friend of mine, but if you allow people to speak about me like that without saying a word, I'll never speak to you again you hateful thing. So there!"

AN English country parson, setting before his hearers a glowing picture of heavenly delights, wound up with "There we shall be, my beloved brethren, all singing at the same time and in different keys." The brethren, however, did not seem to be favorably impressed with the musical prospects in Paradise, and the parson was compelled to explain that he meant voices when he said keys.

ELLA WHEELER says, in a poem, that it was "at the twilight hour" when "a dream came to my stern heart's bolted door—a sad-faced dream, robed in the garb of woe." If she eats ice-cream and a pickle just before retiring, as many girls do, such dreams will surely come loafing around her stern heart's bolted door, and she's lucky if they don't crawl about her head and frighten the wits out of her almost.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I DARE say a piano is the best music for city folks. It's more highfalutin in style," remarked a farmer's wife; "but the beauty of an organ is that it's such a solemn, churchlike instrument, half the folks can't tell whether it's a dance tune or a Moody and Sankey hymn you're a-playing; and my husband he says that's a mighty convenience to folks that live in a neighborhood where they've got to be responsible to everybody for the way they pass the Sabbath."

OLD Si was asked by one of our merchants:
"Si, do you know a ducky by the name of Davis?"
"Sisaro Davis wid de red eye, dat got burned in de ribber of 'sposhin'?"
"Yes, he's the man."
"Well I knows him."
"Is he reliable?"
"Gin'll, but it 'pends moughty on de bizness dot he's 'gaged in at de time."
"What business would he suit best in as day porter?"
"Well, ter tell ye de flat-footed, unsophisticated trufe, dare's one place whar dis nigger cou'd wuck an' be ez hones' as se day—an' dat's ez porter in er real 'state sto! In dat case de o'ed'd be liable ter hinc de property allus where he lef' hit!"
—*Georgia Major.*

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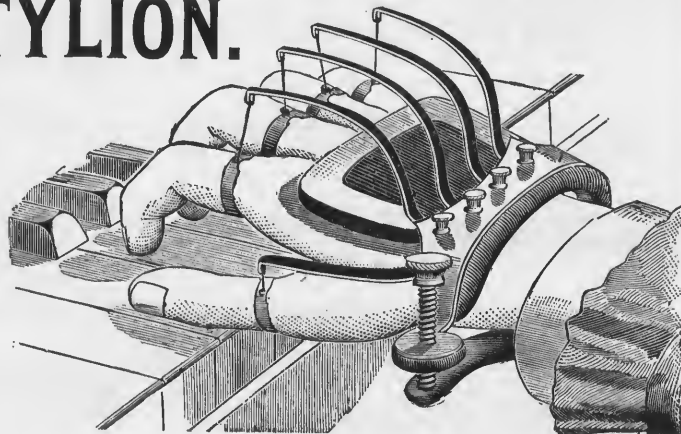
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MAJOR AND MINOR.

The pianist, Henry Wienskowitz, lately of New York has accepted the position of principal piano teacher in the Illinois Conservatory of Music at Jacksonville, Ill., of which Mr. J. S. Barlow is the principal.

The judges of the Paris Conservatory have awarded the first grand prize to Gemma Luziani. She is scarcely fifteen years old, but has remarkable execution on the piano. She played in Milan with great success.

A WOMAN whose name is given as Mme. de Grandval has carried off the first prize of the society of Composers in Paris this year. She was awarded the prize of 3000f (\$600) for the best orchestral suite in three movements.

THE *Hurdy-Gurdy* says that English is a poor language in which to write about music. If that is meant as an excuse for its performances, it is quite unnecessary—no one has as yet been so rash as to accuse it of publishing any original articles on music in English. *Selah!*

THE New York correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* recently described Silas G. Pratt, the "American Wagner" and author of "Zenobia," as "a Chicago cigar maker." It is true that most of Pratt's works end in smoke, but he does not call them cigars, nor even cigar-lighters.

A PARIS paper says that Mlle. Marie Van Zandt will visit the United States professionally during the season of 1884-85, and will appear in a number of those operas in which she has achieved her fame. Maurice Strakosch says that he hopes to secure this *prima donna* for concerts and operas in this country next year.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS has recovered from the fever he recently contracted in Egypt. His friends and admirers were at one time in serious doubt of his recovery, but the musical world is yet to be delighted with the gifted musician's presence and new productions. He is the organist at the Church of the Madeleine.

MRS. E. ALINE OSGOOD, the eminent soprano, has been engaged by the Boston "Händel and Haydn Society" to sing the "St. Matthew" Passion Music. Also by the Baltimore Oratorio Society for their Christmas oratorio and also for F. H. Cowen's "St. Ursula," which is to be given on Nov. 22d, by the New York Oratorio Society, under the composer's direction.

THE Minnie Hauk operatic concert company includes besides the lady in whose honor it is named, Paulina Sali, contralto; Mr. Montegriffo, tenor; Vincenzode Pasquali, bass; Mr. Sternberg, pianist. Portions of "Carmen," "Faust," "Favorita," "Trovatore," and "The Daughter of the Regiment," in costume, are included in the repertory of the company.

THERE was lately given to Gounod, at Paris, a bass-relief by Fradecchi, in remembrance of a private performance of his "Redemption," on May 20, at the house of a well known Paris amateur, Mme. Fuchs. The work has obtained another success at Geneva, where it was given during a festival by the "Société Musicale de la Suisse Romande," and will be repeated by the society early next winter.

THE London *Figaro* sums up the musical abilities of the Royal family as follows: "In private, the Prince of Wales, who so warmly supports the Royal college of music, limits, I believe, his musical efforts to performances on the banjo. His sister, the Princess Louise, plays the guitar, the Duchess of Teck has a contralto voice, the Princess of Wales plays the piano (two years ago she accompanied Mme. Nilsson), the Duke of Albany has a fine library, and is a sound theoretical and historical musician, the Duchess of Edinburgh is competent to turn over the pages of a full score for her husband, and the Duke of Edinburgh essays to play the violin."

A WHISTLER.—A boy in Vermont, accustomed to working alone, was so prone to whistling, that, as soon as he was by himself, he unconsciously commenced. When asleep, the muscles of his mouth, chest, and lungs were so completely concatenated in the association, he whistled with astonishing shrillness. A pale countenance, loss of appetite, and almost total prostration of strength, convinced his mother it would end in death, if not speedily overcome, which was accomplished by placing him in the society of another boy, who had orders to give him a blow as soon as he began to whistle.

WE HAVE just read the minutes of the first meeting of the "Delta County Musical Association" of Texas and have come to the conclusion that there is rather more musical common sense down there than there is in the north. The organizers of this association seem to have understood that the way to cultivate music among the people, is to begin with the people's music; they have not set themselves up as a musical legislature without a constituency, but have been content to create out of the music-loving people of their county a body for the cultivation of music at home. Let such associations be multiplied; then let them elect delegates who shall form a State association, let that be done in other states, then let these state association again select their representatives to a National Association and the latter body will represent something and somebody and its meetings will be something more than occasions for advertising sostenuto pedals, particular conservatories, piano methods, etc., or for the ventilation of more or less bad rhetoric. Sensible people those Delta County Texans!

WASHINGTON, D. C.—General G. C. Kniffin, in a letter stating his wife was cured of a painful ailment by St. Jacobs Oil, writes that after witnessing its magical cure of pain he would cheerfully pay \$100 for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, if he could not get it cheaper.

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Church's Visitor makes a general onslaught upon the musical papers because they occasionally blaze away at one another. But, brother Murray, if "shooting is strictly forbidden on these premises" why do you now fire off your blunderbuss?

There is one jewel which an editor should wear on his shirt front as the hotel clerk wears his "diamond," i. e. at all times and on all occasions, Brother Murray, and the name of the said jewel is "consistency." If that be neglected, the public, paraphrasing, Burns, say, or at least think:

"Oh wad some pow'r the giftie gie thee
To see thyself as ithers see thee!"

OFFENBACH was witty, but his wit was rather the result of attrition with the Parisian art-world in which he had so long lived than a natural growth; he could make cutting and often harsh observations, but those who knew him best were well aware that cynical as was his speech and brusque as was sometimes his manner, he was at heart kind and charitable. His vanity was great, but it revealed itself in ways more amusing than offensive. Numberless anecdotes illustrative of this weakness are told, and of many of them could it be said: "Se non e vero e ben trovato." The most characteristic was told apropos of his interview with the Emperor William at Ems. The Emperor said: "We, too, have a right to be proud of you, Herr Offenbach, for you were born, I am informed, at Bonn." "No, your majesty," was Offenbach's answer. "The other man was born at Bonn; I am a native of Cologne." The other man was Beethoven.

Our esteemed exchange, *Brainard's Musical World*, "goes for" us in the following style:

"KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW, published monthly by Kunkel Bros., St. Louis, is one of the few musical journals published in this country that is any credit to the art. Each number contains original articles of value and interest to musical people. If some of the sickly nonentities, which claim to be 'musical journals,' would pattern after the Review and at least give an occasional original article or idea, musical journalism would stand better with the general public. As it is, a person into whose hands some of the so called 'musical journals,' happen to fall, will feel that 'musical journalism' is a humbug, and very naturally. The real musical journals of America can be counted on the fingers of one hand, and the Review is one of them. Success to it." After a compliment of this sort, we have not the heart to complain of the reproduction in the same number, without credit, of our little article on "How and where to buy pianos." *The Musical World* is now in its twentieth year and has seen more than a score of rivals fade and die. The fact of its continued prosperity is proof that both the business and the editorial managements have been capable and energetic.

HERR SCHALKENBACH is now, according to the *Musical Standard*, giving the visitors to the Crystal Palace an opportunity of seeing to what a variety of purposes electricity may be applied. The agent he employs—his own invention—is designated "the *orchestre militaire* or *electro-moteur*," and by means of it almost all the most modern developments of electricity are applied to musical science and to much less cuphonious uses. The invention, which about twenty years ago was shown in its original crude form to the Emperor Louis Napoleon, and appears to have been receiving improvements ever since, is a combination of the organ, the harmonium, and the piano, and various percussion instruments employed to produce military and other effects are so placed under the hands of the performer that he can easily use them without any interruption to his playing. Thus at intervals round the front of the theatre gallery, different kinds of apparatus produced under the influence of keys or pedals the playing of musical bells, the blowing of a row of trumpets, the grating sound of a mitrailleuse in battle, the firing of pistols and guns, the rotation of an electric railway, the lunar lighting up of clouds, and other phenomena. It would be difficult to decide whether the military or the orchestral effects are the more surprising.

WONDERS OF LITTLENES.—Pliny and Elian relate that Myrmecidos wrought out of ivory a chariot, with four wheels and four horses, and a ship with all her tackling, both in so small a compass, that a bee could hide either with its wings. Nor should we doubt this, when we find it recorded in English history, on less questionable authority, that in the twentieth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign a blacksmith of London, of the name of Mark Scalliot, made a lock of iron, steel, and brass, of eleven pieces, and a pipe key, all of which only weighed one grain. Scalliot also made a chain of gold, of forty-three links, which he fastened to the lock and key, and put it round the neck of a flea, which drew the whole with perfect ease. The chain, key, lock, and flea, altogether weighed but one grain and a half!

Hadrianus Junius saw at Mechlin in Braebant, a cherry-stone cut into the form of a basket; in it were fourteen pairs of dice, distinct, the spots and numbers of which were easily to be discerned with a good eye.

But still more extraordinary than this basket of dice, or anything we have yet mentioned, must have been a set of turnery shown at Rome, in the time of Pope Paul the Fifth, by one Shad of Mittelbrach, who had purchased it from the artist Oswaldus Northingerus. It consisted of *sixty* hundred dishes, which were perfect and complete in every part, yet so small and slender that the whole could be easily enclosed in a case fabricated in a peppercorn of the ordinary size! The Pope is said to have himself counted them, but with the help of a pair of spectacles, for they were so very small as to be almost invisible to the naked eye. Although his holiness thus satisfied his own eyes of the fact, he did not, we are assured, require of those about him to subscribe to it on the credit of his infallibility; for he gave every one an opportunity of examining and judging for himself, and among the persons thus highly favored, particular reference is made to Gaspar Schioppins, Johann Faber, a physician of Rome.

Turrianus, of whose skill so many wonderful things are related, is said to have fabricated iron mills, which moved of themselves, so minute in size, that a monk could carry one in his sleeve; and yet it was powerful enough to grind in a single day, grain enough for the consumption of eight men.

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Smith—Jones, my boy, I'm mighty glad to meet you! I've been looking for you a week back.

Jones—A weak back! My back's not weak; what do you mean?

Smith—I know your back's not weak; the seat of your weakness is higher up—I say I've been looking for you in every imaginable place for the past week without finding you.

Jones—Well, what did you want with me?

Smith—I've a new idea and there's money in it!

Jones—It's not like your purse, then.

Smith—No, nor yours either, more's the pity!

Jones—'Tis true 'tis pity and pity 'tis 'tis true." But now noble Smith, arise and impart to thy servant thy auriferous ideas.

Smith—The St. Louis Fair takes place next week and the Fair Association will want some judges to pass upon the relative merits of the pianos and organs exhibited and I think we can get in as judges.

Jones—What do we know about pianos?

Smith—Well, don't I play the ocarina and the organette and don't you play the flageolet?

Jones—The what-eo-let?

Smith—No the flageolet!

Jones—Ah yes, yes, years ago I used to—years ago—but what has that to do with pianos?

Smith—Well you are stupid, unusually stupid, even for you! Is not music music and are not musical instruments musical instruments! I consider myself a judge!

Jones—Well, if you'll do, so will I, I'm sure. Now, Judge Smith, tell me where the money comes in!

Smith—We're two—that will be a majority of the committee. You must agree with me in all things—I'll get the cash—don't you fear!

Jones—I see—I see—you're deuced smart Smith! But will you divvy fairly?

Smith—Of course, my noble pal.

Jones—It's a go!

Smith—I've our report all ready—all but putting in the name of the winner—but mind, that blank will not be a blank in the title lottery we shall soon draw.

Note.—An expectant world will not breathe easy until it has heard the decision of the great judges, Smith and Jones.

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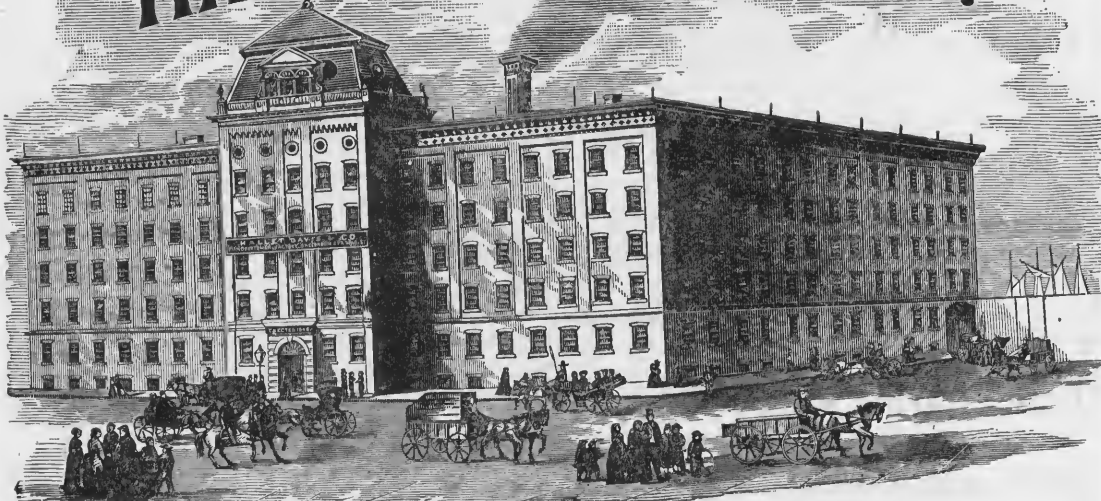
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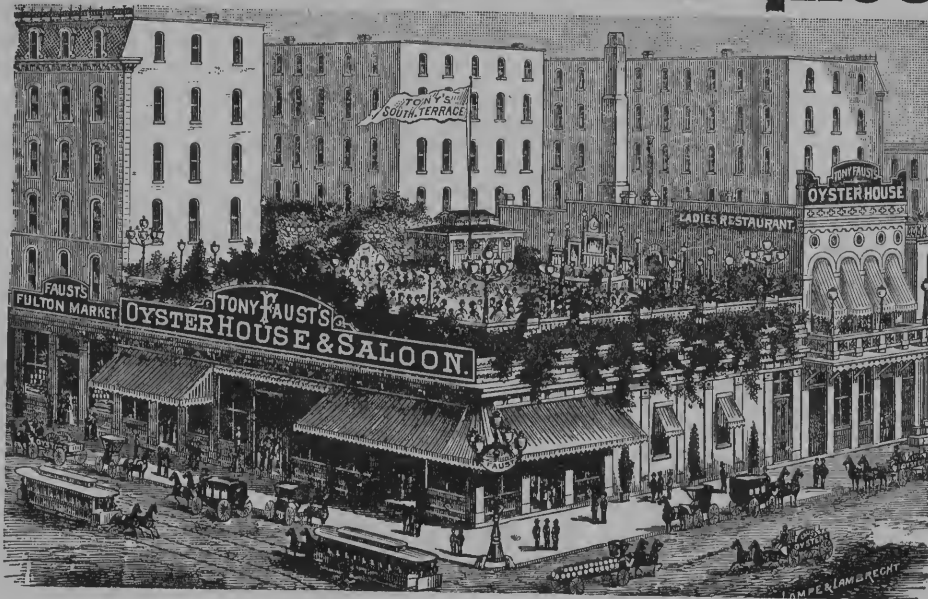
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